

WHY HITLER'S GENERALS ARE DESERTING

By Otto Strasser

MEET THE REAL LITVINOFF

By William Henry Chamberlin

MARCH 1942

The American Mercury



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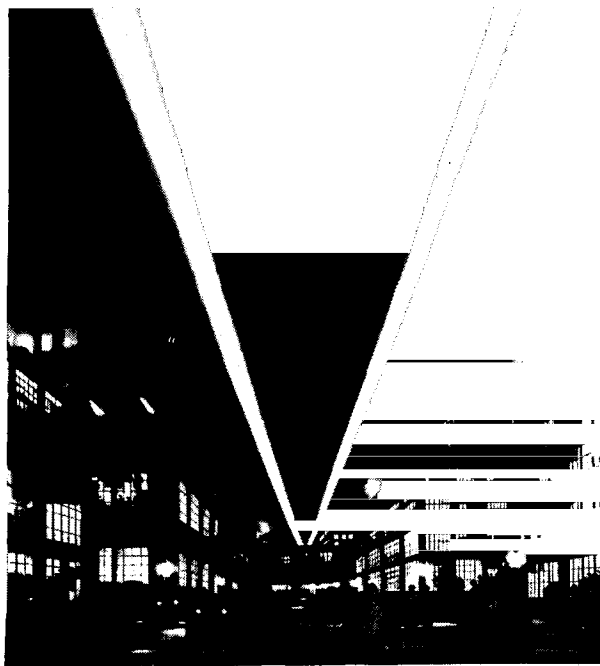
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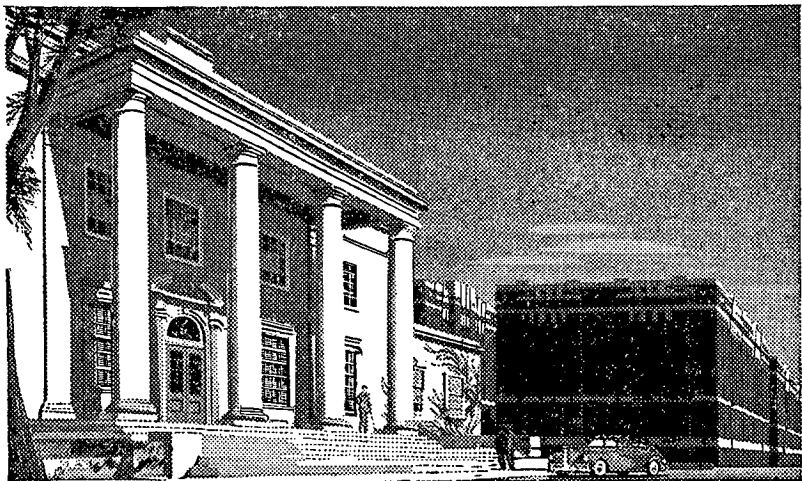
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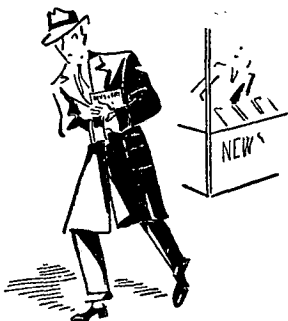
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The American MERCURY

WHY HITLER'S GENERALS ARE DESERTING

BY OTTO STRASSER

IN ESTIMATING the political crisis in Nazi Germany, the outside world is making at least two critical mistakes. First, it assumes that Adolf Hitler has taken the initiative in "revising" his military staff, whereas in truth his hand has been forced by the generals. It is they who are forsaking the Führer and not the other way around. Second, it assumes that the widening breach is the product of a hasty decision made as a result of the recent defeats in Russia. Actually, the Russian reverses have merely provided convenient excuses for political desertions that have long been ripening.

In an article in the AMERICAN MERCURY last September, I was able to report, on the basis of underground information, that "the

conflict between Hitler and the generals — between the Army and the Party — is now raging." Its ultimate goal, I asserted, was "the seizure of power by the Prussian military clique." Events have, since then, moved faster than my colleagues inside Germany had anticipated. It may now justly be stated that the shot-gun marriage of the old Prussian Junker forces and the National Socialist Party, between the old and the new imperialists, has ended in divorce. From this time forward, Hitler will have to face not only his usual political enemies — the various anti-Nazi elements which have fought him for a decade, with thousands of their number dead and over two million in the concentration camps at various times —

but the old Prussian forces. Though few in number, these latter are influential, courageous and ambitious.

The primary concern of both the Party and the Army is not the fate of Germany, but their own survival. To that end, each is now competing for support of the nation, for control of its people and its power. How rapidly this rivalry will flare into violent conflict can only be surmised, but it is significant that the struggle has broken into the open on schedule, almost within hours of the acknowledgment of the first major defeats.

For the United States, Britain and their allies — including the forces of freedom among Germans themselves — a clear-headed understanding of the internal struggle in the Reich is essential. They must not lose sight of the fact that the Prussian generals are more dangerous now that they have been dismissed than they were as commanders of armies. In being relieved of their posts, their whole energy has been directed toward the perpetuation of their power in post-war Germany. Their machinations are fraught with serious consequences for the whole world, in that they are consciously and consistently laying the groundwork for another military Reich, once

the Nazi chapter in German history has been closed.

The generals, having used Hitler and his frenzied followers, are now preparing to overthrow him. The moment seems to them too important to miss: the moment when they are certain that Germany cannot win but has not yet lost, that the Allies cannot be beaten but have not yet won. They know that public opinion in America and Britain will never entertain any suggestion of peace with Hitler. They plan, therefore, to sacrifice him at the first opportunity, hoping that the common fear of a social revolution in Europe will help them retain their own economic and political domination over Prussia and Germany. They hope, in effect, that the Allies will repeat their behavior of 1919 by striving to keep the older forces more or less in power as a guarantee against disorder and revolution.

I know specifically, for instance, that the most influential Prussian circles, centering around General Fedor von Bock, have long considered the possibility of making a man like Pastor Martin Niemöller the Reichschancellor in a post-Hitler régime. Niemöller is respected throughout the civilized world for his valorous Christian outlook, but he is decidedly not a

politician and would be putty in the skillful hands of the old Prussian clique: a perfect mask behind which ancient forces could operate.

In this they would merely be repeating the experiment with Michaelis in 1917. Michaelis, former head of the Protestant Christian Home Mission but almost unknown to the world, was Ludendorff's candidate for successor to Bethman-Hollweg and, following the launching of the U-boat campaign in February, became Chancellor for some months. Bock, I am informed from close quarters, hopes that Pastor Niemoller may serve as his Michaelis. Interestingly enough, when Michaelis proved to be an utter failure, even as a puppet, he was replaced by Count Hertling, a leader of the Catholic Party. To circumvent the failure of 1917, Bock's scheme counts on teamwork, the Catholic partner to work with Niemoller being none other than Franz von Papen.

If this, or any equivalent plan, were to develop, it would represent a far-reaching menace to the world, a menace all the greater because camouflaged with honest and trust-inspiring names. It would achieve the elimination of the Hitler Party, but would leave untouched the sources of the Prussian dynamism which has so long sought to domi-

nate the world. The international danger of Hitlerism arose, it should be remembered, less from the ideas of National Socialism than from the older Prussian idea of world ascendancy which Hitler espoused. It was that espousal which made him acceptable to the Junkers.

In fighting Hitlerism, the Allies should not forget that its deeper roots, in Prussianism, must also be destroyed.

II

What can be described as the Hitler System is made up not only of the Nazi Party, but of the centuries-old Prussian forces. Without this coalition, Hitler would never have achieved supreme power. No appraisal of Nazi Germany is realistic unless it takes into account the fact that these Prussian forces have never ceased to wield power. It was at their command that Hitler annihilated the cream of the *Sturm Abteilung* on the bloody night of June 30, 1934. It was they who, for the second time in this century, helped thwart a German urge toward social revolution by diverting the pent-up national energies to international war. Their influence has persisted, regardless of political developments on the surface, through the Army, the large

landowners and big industrialists, and through leading officials in the government departments.

The union of expediency was made possible, despite distrust on the side of the Nazis and deep contempt on the side of the Junkers, by agreement on a common goal, namely, the continued domination of Germany through Prussia, Europe through Germany, and finally (in the Hitlerian flights of fancy) domination of the planet through Europe. Beyond this one base of common ambition, however, the two groups not only hate each other, but their interests, economically, politically and socially, are poles apart. For the Prussian clique, Hitler has always been an instrument of their will and the world will make a fundamental mistake if it considers that this relationship is ended. Admittedly he has been a dangerous instrument, which at times threatened to turn on its master. The relationship might best be symbolized, psychologically, by that of a general and a corporal. General von Schleicher once summed it up when he told a group of senior officers: "I know Hitler is a swine, but he brings us the people."

The nature of their one common interest made it inevitable that each member of the partnership

would seek to save itself the moment the joint aim seemed doomed to failure. And that is the stage of present developments. The difficulties in Russia are a defeat for Hitler in the special sense that it was he who forced the campaign in defiance of the advice of every Prussian general. He reckoned on the collapse of the Bolshevik system after the capture of Moscow — but the Führer's "intuition" was not given the benefit of that test and the generals were vindicated.

As long ago as last April, in connection with the flight of Rudolf Hess, I received a detailed report to the effect that the Prussian generals were opposing a proposed offensive against Russia. They argued that even if initial successes were achieved, no decision could be reached. Since Hitler could not be dissuaded, the generals argued that every responsible German patriot must prepare for a peace as soon as the impossibility of victory in Russia was evident.

The second clash between Hitler and his Prussian generals came in November when General Walter von Brauchitsch, backed by Bock and Rundstedt, opposed the renewal of the October offensive against Moscow. They advised, instead, a strategic withdrawal to prepared winter lines, to conserve

and concentrate army strength. But Hitler dared not confess the true situation in the Russian war. Backed by men like General Alfred Jodl, he ordered a renewal of the assault on Moscow, with results that soon became only too obvious. Jodl is not a Prussian, nor has he had much staff experience. In World War I, he was a regular captain. Like so many Austrians, he has an extremely active imagination which, nourished by maps and half-digested history, slurs over difficulties such as weather and the exhaustion of troops. He is a general made to order for Hitler.

An interesting and significant feature of the Prussian generals' attitude toward Russia is its consistency over decades and even centuries. Collaboration with Russia has been a guiding principle of Junker policy which the advent of Bolshevism did not alter in the slightest. Need we recall that the Prussian General Staff, by sending Lenin through the Reich in a sealed train to the Russian border, played a major role in the Russian Revolution? Again, in 1922, the Treaty of Rapallo, which re-established Russo-German collaboration, had the support of the Junkers. Through secret clauses in that treaty, thousands of German officers went to Soviet Russia as in-

structors and incidentally gained experience with tanks and airplanes, weapons forbidden to Germany by the Versailles Treaty. German technicians organized the Russian war industries. One of my closest friends was the director-general of a German airplane factory in Russia and I know of many others who fulfilled similar capacities in both air and tank production. Finally, it was the German General Staff which backed Hitler to the hilt in his unpopular pact with Stalin in August 1939.

It would be frivolous to close our eyes to the potentialities of these facts for the future relations between the Reich and Russia, notwithstanding Stalin's undertaking not to make a separate peace with Germany. The Nazi doublecross of June 22, as the Soviet leaders know much better than other Allied leaders, was specifically Hitler's doing.

I am not sure that Harry Hopkins, in a magazine article describing his conferences with Joseph Stalin in the Kremlin, was entirely aware of the full significance of one fact to which he alludes repeatedly. I refer to the peculiarly intense concentration of Stalin's hatred upon Hitler personally. "As Stalin made clear to me," Mr. Hopkins writes, "this was not a hatred of

the German people nor of the German General Staff. The invasion was regarded in Moscow as the treachery of a partner who had suddenly revealed himself as a rabid dog." Once the unfaithful partner is eliminated, and a traditionally pro-Russian group takes over in Germany, the background will have changed greatly, perhaps decisively.

III

Some time ago I revealed information from a secret source to the effect that Heinrich Himmler had discovered a plan for a military *putsch* against Hitler after the first real defeat. Despite his vigorous counter-measures, the *putsch* is still in the making.

Whatever the timing, a seizure of power by the Junkers would be purely selfish, no matter how well disguised as national interest or how well embellished with "respectable" names to placate the non-German world. Its aim would be to perpetuate Prussian ascendancy in post-war Germany. The generals cannot afford to wait for an actual defeat or collapse of their country. They are eager to gain peace *before the complete exhaustion of Germany and the German Army*. From the expe-

rience of the last war, they know that peace cannot be gained with any advantage to themselves at the eleventh hour. The period of stalemate, before the Allied victory of which they are certain becomes too apparent, is their opportune interlude.

Hitler, however, cannot indulge in any delusions of a negotiated peace. For him this is literally a struggle to the death. The specific immediate reasons for the rift between him and the Army leaders are not especially important. If one set of pretexts were not at hand, another would have been found. The whole Junker idea is to leave Hitler in the position of sole and direct responsibility — just as they did with socialist President Ebert in 1918. They are leaving Hitler, as they once left Ebert, to shoulder the blame for events already fast unfolding, and a day of reckoning already visible on the horizon.

They chose an appropriate hour for forcing the break and maneuvering Hitler into assuming the title and responsibilities of Generalissimo. Their firm proposal was for a strategic retreat in Russia as far as Smolensk and Kiev, on the ground that the Army must have winter shelter, a shorter defense line and shorter communications lines. They knew that Hitler could

not and would not accept the proposal, because a retreat of some two hundred miles, no matter how strategic, would be regarded as a defeat at home, with repercussions which Hitler quite rightly believed he might not survive.

The generals refused the alternative plan offered by the "intuition" team of Hitler-Jodl, calling for a giant pincer movement in the Mediterranean. This plan aimed at control of the Atlantic ports of Spain and Portugal for intensification of the Battle of the Atlantic at one end, and at the other a drive through Turkey to the Mosul oil fields, from whence the German armies would threaten Russian oil sources to the north, Suez to the southwest, and India to the east in conjunction with Japan. The generals turned thumbs down on this scheme for fear of dissipating German military strength to the point where, in the event of defeat, they would be deprived of a bulwark against social upheaval. Unlike the Nazis, the Junkers cannot afford to be reckless in expending military forces because, again unlike the Nazis, they can still foresee and plan a future for themselves.

Who are the leaders of these Prussian schemers? It is well that all should know and not forget them in the crucial period ahead.

In the opening stages of the break between them and Hitler, the psychopathic manifestation of a corporal elevating himself to the exalted position of Chief of the German General Staff was interesting and curious. But that is of minor importance compared with the action of the generals and the nature of their historic cause. The leading figures, as I have already intimated, are Fedor von Bock in the military field and Franz von Papen in the political field.

Hitler's first move in the shake-up was in the nature of a squeeze-play. Brauchitsch is one of the weaker and more compromising among the Prussian generals; for that reason, the Nazis have found it easier to cooperate with him and he rose to the highest post in the Army. Much more stern and hard was his commander on the Moscow front, von Bock. In his first move, therefore, Hitler forced von Bock's dismissal — in the hope of terrifying Brauchitsch. He failed. Not the least significant feature of the whole episode is that it was the weaker Brauchitsch who first openly opposed Hitler, and when ousted, was followed by both von Bock, and von Runstedt, commander of the southern army in the Ukraine. Hitler's request that von. Leeb, who was in command on the Lenin-

grad sector, take over Brauchitsch's post was refused, with the result that a few days later Fritz von Leeb, too, was replaced.

In *History in My Time*, I told the story of the famous secret meeting of senior officers at the General Headquarters in Spa, on the night of November 8-9, 1918, when it was decided that the abdication of the Kaiser would be forced. Details of that event reached the world from those present with remarkable unanimity — with but one exception. A certain "young captain of the Crown Prince's staff" was not sworn, probably through an oversight.

He reported in writing to the Crown Prince the very important historical fact that it was von Hindenburg himself who organized the conspiracy by outlining the situation in such terms that the senior officers had no other alternative but to back his decision.

I have since learned that the "young captain of the Crown Prince's staff" was Fedor von Bock. He is one of the very few men in Germany who is on the most intimate terms with the Crown Prince. It was he who organized the Black Reichswehr in Stettin, together with the Junkers of West and East Prussia. Several times he was brought to trial, and became

known as "the most fanatical enemy of the republic." He commanded one of the German armies against Czechoslovakia and later against Poland, in both instances with such success that he was given command of the key central army in the Russian campaign. Bock hates the Nazi Party with a fanaticism equal to his earlier hatred for the Weimar Republic. A rabid monarchist, von Bock is the one man in Germany whom the world can ill afford to ignore.

Brauchitsch, though more amenable than the iron Bock, also has a record of strong anti-Nazi feelings which speaks for itself. In 1934, when relations between the Army and the Party were verging on an open break, he provoked a storm by stopping a procession of Brown Shirts in the street with a detachment of the Army. A year later, when he was stationed in East Prussia, Army units under his command clashed with the Brown Shirts and the Führer himself had to make a trip there to settle the dispute.

Most of the generals who have stood by Hitler to date, it is interesting to note, hail from elsewhere in Germany than Prussia. It does not mean that these men — such as List, Rommel, Milch — are any more favorably inclined to Hitler

and the Party. Being less politically minded than the cohesive Prussian group, they have not acted so quickly to prepare for their own survival in the political upheaval which will come with defeat. In the ascendancy now is a group of younger generals who made their reputation in the *Luftwaffe* and the Tank Corps. The most outstanding among them is perhaps the least known to the world. It is General Alfred Jodl, now personal military adviser to Hitler. The two men always confer in the Austrian dialect. Hitler has found a spirit more akin to his own in this officer who is less cold, more imaginative than the class-conscious Prussians. Jodl is probably the one general who will stick by Hitler to the bitter end.

Outside the military circles, von Papen is the foremost representative of the old Prussian group. It is not necessary to deal at length with this familiar figure. He is not only treacherous and unscrupulous, but fanatically ambitious. In his office at Ankara, somewhat removed from the close watch of Himmler and the Gestapo, he is in an extremely advantageous position. It is not an accident that most of the German peace-feelers have been found to emanate from the Turkish capital. Von Papen is

aided by another influential traitor, Dr. Meissner, who was secretary to the private cabinet of President Ebert, later of von Hindenburg, and now of Hitler. Still another figure worth watching is young Mackensen, son of the old field-marshal; formerly he was German minister to Hungary and now he is the leading under-secretary in the Foreign Office in Berlin.

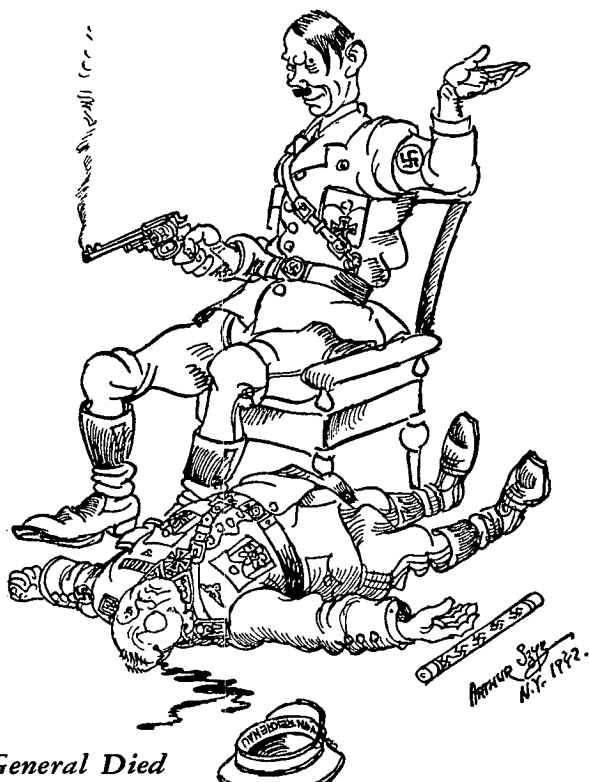
Such are the men who today personify the Junker class. Their policy is clear: They seek peace, because they know they cannot win; and they want it before Germany's strength is any further dissipated. They hope for and would prefer peace with Russia; but they would make it also with England. Convinced of a looming débâcle, the Prussian generals are pulling out, to leave all the blame with Hitler. What they know now, the German people will inevitably learn later. It is their hope that the people will then rally around them, as the group which had opposed the Russian campaign from the start.

But the peace they seek would be only an armistice at best. For centuries the Junkers have held Prussia within their grip. Through Prussia they have come to dominate Germany. Now they have sought once more, through Ger-

many, to dominate Europe. Should they survive, they will try again. As long as the Allies never lose sight of these developments and their significance, the advantages can only lie with them.

The break between Army and Party has loosed a thousand fears in the public mind of Germany. The mounting unrest has caused

Hitler to turn his bitterest invective on those "traitors" at home who would stir up trouble. Beyond the shadow of a doubt, the weakest point in the Axis front is inside Germany. Any intelligent Allied strategy must take that into consideration — and act upon it. It offers hope for a quicker and less costly victory.



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MEET THE REAL LITVINOFF

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

THE portly, sixty-five-year-old Maxim Litvinoff, new Soviet Ambassador to the United States and now the toast of America's best capitalist society, is a man who has good reason to remember the adage concerning the ill wind that blows no one good. Only a year ago he was a broken man politically, a scapegoat for the abandonment of that policy of anti-fascism and collective security which he had promoted. Most of the prominent figures in the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs, the department he had directed for a decade, were listed among those dead and missing in the purge of "traitors" and "mad dogs." He had been dropped from the Central Committee of the Communist Party, with a spiteful note about alleged incompetence and neglect of duty. The immediate past had been gloomy. The future seemed black and unpromising. Then Hitler hurled his forces against the Soviet Union. Stalin hastily remembered that Litvinoff was his best, if not his only surviving, effective public relations man

for the democratic countries whose support was again urgently needed. He was taken out of the attic, dusted off and put on the microphone to broadcast a message of good cheer, good will and "let bygones be bygones" to England. And later, he was given the strategically important diplomatic post at Washington.

The luck that stood by Litvinoff in his adventures both with Tsarist police and with Soviet purges remained constant during his trip to America. He passed through Singapore just before that Far Eastern outpost of the British Empire became the center of a war zone and turned up safe and sound in Washington to announce the Soviet determination to concentrate its war effort against Germany and to explain Soviet unwillingness to take on Japan.

There are two Litvinoffs, a legend and a living man. The legend depicts a statesman of great independent authority, a doughty champion of indivisible peace and collective security, a crusading anti-

fascist, a policy-maker in his own right, a figure of notable influence in Stalin's inner councils. There is no serious factual basis for this legend. Litvinoff has never been a policy-maker; he has been the faithful and technically capable executor of the policies which Stalin prescribed for him. He has never possessed an independent following or any real personal prestige in the Soviet Union. To think otherwise is to misunderstand the entire nature of the totalitarian state. He has never belonged to the Political Bureau, the inner sanctum of those who enjoy Stalin's personal favor.

It is not easy to disentangle the real Litvinoff, an interesting personality in his own right, from the creation of modern publicist fancy. The men who made the Bolshevik Revolution will probably go down in history less accurately known than any group of comparable importance. They began as hunted, persecuted rebels, always liable to arrest in Russia, shadowed by the Tsar's GPU if they were exiles in foreign lands. Outside of Russia they lived in little sectarian colonies. Then came the dizzy leap to power in 1917. The former café debaters and editors of shoestring newspapers were in absolute control of a large nation. As the Soviet régime became firmly established

and frozen in its totalitarian mold, opportunities for contact, for intelligent appraisal of the personalities of these leaders were reduced to a minimum. The obscurity of absolute power followed the obscurity of revolutionary plotting and conspiracy.

One could search the files of the Soviet newspapers and magazines without finding a single, plausible, balanced sketch of the character of an outstanding communist. So long as the eminent communist is on the "party line" and enjoys Stalin's favor, he can do no wrong. Once he falls from grace, he automatically becomes a Trotskyist mad dog, a Bukharinite viper, something rather lower than the scum of the earth. Short is the road from prominence to prison, from eminence to execution. The actual personalities of most of the Old Bolsheviks are effectively hidden behind those two contrasted, unreal masks, so often interchangeable, of the perfect revolutionary hero and the utterly infamous fascist villain.

But Litvinoff, because of his necessary contacts with foreign diplomats and newspapermen, because of his long periods of residence abroad, is somewhat better known, somewhat more identifiable as a personality than the shadowy yes-men with whom Stalin surrounded

himself as he exterminated the Old Guard of the Bolshevik Party.

There is a genuinely dramatic element in the true life story of this man, who started out as a young idealistic revolutionary, who experienced a phase of quiet, middle-class obscurity in England, from which he emerged to savor the intrigues and adventures and heartbreaks of high office under dictatorship, and who has now cast anchor in the temporarily safe harbor of Washington. There is also pathos in the career of a young idealist who ends up, at sixty-five, as plenipotentiary of an absolute dictator, after nearly all his former comrades and colleagues have been killed off by his master.

II

Litvinoff holds a party card dated 1898. That makes him just as old a Bolshevik as there could be, because the Russian Social-Democratic Party (which subsequently split into Bolshevik and Menshevik wings) was founded in that year. Like Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin, Litvinoff is a pseudonym, adopted for the purpose of confusing the Tsarist police. It is an old Russian military and aristocratic name, but its most famous bearer was born Mayer Wallach in Bialy-

stok, a drab factory town in the western part of the Russian Empire, which passed to Poland when that state was organized.

Young Wallach, who at first followed his father's occupation of a clerk, apparently became a revolutionary when the regiment in which he was performing his compulsory military service was called on to suppress a strike. The crowded ghetto towns of the so-called Pale of Settlement, in which Jews without money and influence had to live, inevitably produced many revolutionaries.

Among the Bolsheviks, as among all the extremist parties, the members tended to fall into two categories. There were the theorists and there were the practical conspirators and organizers. The former worked and argued over the long, wordy, argumentative party documents, became learned in the gospel according to St. Marx, created the literature of the movement. The latter attended to the practical jobs of setting up illegal printing presses, smuggling correspondence in and out of the country, distributing forbidden pamphlets and appeals.

Litvinoff's place was among the practitioners, not among the theorists. He has never written any book of consequence. But he be-

came an expert in what might be called the technique of the revolutionary profession. He possessed rare and valuable qualities. He was shrewd, tenacious, cool-headed in risky situations that would upset the jangled nerves of some of his more temperamental associates. He knew how to deal with frontier smugglers and he got arms at bargain prices when the insurgent movement reached the stage of open revolt and riot in the stormy years 1904-06. He was an excellent business manager for an illegal Bolshevik newspaper in St. Petersburg at that time. Later, when the revolutionary tide was at a low ebb and Litvinoff was looking for a job in London, he presented credentials as the manager of this newspaper, most probably without being too specific as to its character.

He could outsmart the best of the Tsar's sleuths. He was only arrested once — an unusual record for an active revolutionary — and then he brought off an efficient and successful jailbreak from the Lukyanovka Prison in Moscow. Even in this early phase of his career there was something solid about him, both in build and in personality, that earned him the nickname of Papasha (literally Little Papa). He was the reverse of the familiar fiery, hollow-

cheeked, ascetic revolutionary.

One of the future Foreign Commissar's first ventures in international finance and diplomacy was an attempt to dispose in foreign markets of some of the proceeds taken in a daring raid on a shipment of money destined for the Tiflis branch of the State Bank. These raids, or "expropriations" as they were politely called, were an occasional feature of the tactics of the more extreme revolutionaries and were defended by their advocates on the ground that a state of civil war was in existence and that it was legitimate to seize the enemy's currency resources. The dividing line between expropriation and banditry, for the less dependable revolutionary hangers-on, was sometimes dangerously thin and Lenin himself finally pronounced against the practice. In this incident, as throughout his career, there has been no aspersion on Litvinoff's own integrity. He was simply advancing his revolutionary cause.

The few years before 1914 were a dark period in the revolutionary movement. Active rebellion had been crushed. Material conditions, to the disgust of the extremists, were rapidly improving. The number of strikes and peasant disturbances sharply declined. Only

the staunchest Bolsheviks kept up their underground activity during this revolutionary bear market. Litvinoff at this time found a haven in London. Here he worked for six years as a clerk in the foreign department of the publishing firm of Williams and Norgate. The initial salary was twenty-five shillings a week — not much, but more than the average Russian émigré could count on earning. He adopted the name of Harrison for business purposes, remaining Litvinoff to his small circle of Bolshevik exiles.

Litvinoff learned to speak English fluently, although his accent has always remained thick and harsh. After he had quit Williams and Norgate for a more profitable, although still modest, business occupation, he married Ivy Low, a bright and spirited English girl of a family that had won distinction in literature and journalism.

Mrs. Litvinoff later became a conspicuous figure in the mixed and rapidly changing "high society" of Soviet Moscow. She had little in common with the wives of foreign diplomats, and presented an honorable exception to the frequent rule that wives of high Soviet officials contrived to blossom out with jewelry and finery. Mrs. Litvinoff conveyed the impression that her husband actually lived on

his modest official salary. She gave lessons in English, for the purpose of eking out the family income and taking care of the two children, Misha and Tania, of whom the former became an engineer and the latter an artist. She appeared at diplomatic functions dressed with the most severe simplicity.

At the same time, she was always an object of mistrust to the increasingly hard-boiled crew of Stalin's personal henchmen. She was a foreigner and an Englishwoman and she could not altogether discard the English tradition of free and even indiscreet speech. She occasionally let slip a wisecrack in private conversation that reached the ears of Moscow's numerous snoopers, as when she once remarked to a foreign visitor: "You must think of us as a people that does not pull the chain." When she went to Sverdlovsk to teach Basic English some years ago, it was rumored that her departure from Moscow was not altogether voluntary. For her, as for her husband, the appointment to Washington was a lucky break.

Caution has always been an important element in Litvinoff's character. He was one of the few prominent political exiles who did not rush home when the Tsarist régime was overthrown in March,

1917. He took a London job under the moderate Provisional Government and thriftily wrote to his brother: "It is hard to figure on earning enough in Russia, considering the high prices there, to keep me and send money to my family in England."

Here is Papasha speaking, the good family man. Here is also an explanation of why Litvinoff never has been and never could be a great popular tribune in times of storm and stress. One may be certain that Lenin and Trotsky did not start to cast up family budgets when the news of the fall of Tsarism reached them in Zurich and in New York.

Litvinoff's hand was forced by later events. He was appointed Soviet Ambassador to Great Britain after the Bolshevik Revolution. This seems to have stirred him out of his habitual prudence, for soon afterwards he delivered a speech at the British Labor Party convention at Nottingham in which he called for revolution and stoppage of the "imperialist war." There was a clamor for his deportation in conservative circles, but he hung on, the unrecognized envoy of an unrecognized government, until the Cheka arrested his opposite number, Great Britain's unofficial agent in Moscow, Bruce Lockhart. Litvinoff was taken into

custody as a reprisal and then an exchange was arranged. From that time his destiny was inseparably linked with the Soviet régime.

III

Active and energetic, with a vast capacity for work and able to stand his ground in the rough-and-tumble scramble for power, Litvinoff was soon in the forefront of a number of negotiations and diplomatic efforts. He was appointed Ambassador to the United States in 1918, but could not even get a visa. Later he set up headquarters in Copenhagen as a Soviet envoy-at-large and helped to pave the way for the gradual resumption of diplomatic and trade relations with the countries of the outside world. He was in charge of the negotiations at Riga in 1921, when the terms were worked out under which the ARA, Herbert Hoover's food relief organization, would be permitted to operate in Russia.

"Litvinoff was as hard as nails," a participant in these discussions once said to me. "His position, as he expressed it, was: 'Food is a weapon. We won't permit you to use it against us.'"

And the eventual operations of the ARA, which saved millions of lives in the great famine of 1921-

22, were surrounded with a hedge of restrictions calculated to satisfy the most suspicious and exacting minds in the GPU. Here, as on many other occasions, Litvinoff was a faithful and effective representative of the Soviet régime, a tenacious, hard bargainer, yet shrewd and realistic and able to bring a protracted discussion to a positive conclusion.

Once committed to the service of the Soviet state, Litvinoff chose foreign affairs for his field and set as his goal the office of Commissar for Foreign Affairs. He remained cautiously neutral when the Communist Party was rent by the first phase of the Stalin-Trotsky controversy, but carried on a prolonged and finally successful struggle with the unusual personality who held the office which he coveted.

George Chicherin, the Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, was one of the very few aristocrats in the Bolshevik ranks. The family possessed brains as well as rank. For generations there had been a Chicherin in the diplomatic service and the Bolshevik Foreign Commissar served an apprenticeship under the old régime.

Chicherin was an eccentric aristocrat turned revolutionary who interlarded some of his first notes

with passages reminiscent of the Communist Manifesto but expressed resentment when overbearing Lord Curzon snubbed him at an international conference, observing: "My family is at least as old as his." He was a brilliant amateur in music and an extraordinary linguist. He was a sexual invert and kept weird hours, arranging his reception appointments for midnight and later. Chicherin, the brilliant, decadent aristocrat, was in every way a contrast to Litvinoff, the normal, energetic plebeian, although both were capable diplomats. They kept the Political Bureau busy with the complaints which they lodged against each other and it was a byword in the Commissariat that if Chicherin would say "Yes," Litvinoff would say "No," and *vice versa*.

In the end, victory remained with the younger man. Chicherin's growing physical debility forced him to spend more and more time in Wiesbaden and other German spas. Litvinoff took over the actual management of the Commissariat in 1928 and received the desired appointment as Commissar in 1930. For a decade, from 1929 until 1939, he was the chief Soviet spokesman to the outside world.

What was Soviet foreign policy during this period and how far did

it reflect Litvinoff's own personality? By temperament and background the new Foreign Commissar was a moderate and a realist. He was not inclined to credit tales of revolution-just-around-the-corner and he did not share Chicherin's inherited and deep-rooted Russian diplomatic antagonism to British designs in Asia. Moreover, he is the kind of man who is shaped to a considerable extent by his job of the moment.

But Litvinoff was never in a position to initiate the foreign policies which are associated with his name. He was simply the instrument of Stalin's "party line" in foreign affairs. Until the rise of Hitler, Soviet policy in Europe, with a few minor deviations, was based on friendship with defeated Germany and antagonism to England and France, which were regarded as the strongest "capitalist powers" and, therefore, the most hostile to the Soviet Union.

It is a significant commentary on the stupid naïveté of interpreting the massive purges of 1936-38 as "the elimination of Hitler's Fifth Column" that there were many sabotage and treason trials before Hitler came into power. All conformed to the same broad pattern. All were full of wholesale general confessions — and of curi-

ous discrepancies in verifiable details. The defendants in these trials in the pre-Hitler period regularly testified to dark interventionist schemes of Great Britain and France. Poland would occasionally be dragged in when relations between Moscow and Warsaw were strained. One of the few reliable features of the trials, indeed, was their reflection of the current state of Soviet international relations.

Litvinoff carried on the German orientation in foreign policy which he inherited. Indeed, his much publicized advocacy first of total, then of 50 per cent disarmament at the Geneva disarmament discussions in the 1920's was little more than a friendly gesture to Germany. The German delegation was always strongly in favor of maximum disarmament, from which it had nothing to lose and much to gain, since Germany was already compulsorily disarmed.

The Soviet Union at that time also stood to gain by any general disarmament, because its industrialization had not begun. If an all-around convention for land disarmament had been negotiated, it is doubtful whether the Soviet Union would have been an easy partner. In a land where any contact with a foreigner often leads to a concentration camp, or worse;

it is easy to imagine how much an international commission of inspection would have learned about any new armament factories or military training schemes which Stalin desired to keep secret.

IV

Stalin's policy after 1933 became more complicated and more tortuous. It was based on an interplay of two chief motives, fear of Hitler and of the growing German military strength, and hope that it might be possible to reach an agreement with the Nazi dictator which would divide up Eastern Europe between Germany and Russia, while canalizing German aggression in a westward direction. This was the mood that led logically and inevitably to the pact of August 23, 1939, especially after Great Britain and France committed the colossal folly of giving Stalin gratuitous coverage of his western frontier by promising to fight Germany in the event of an attack on Poland.

In order to impress Hitler, to bring pressure on him to accept a pact, Stalin resorted to the technique which every dictator understands — that of blackmail. He played the game of outwardly favoring collective security and *rapprochement* with the Western

Powers. Litvinoff was thus cast for the rôle of an apostle of collective security, of anti-fascism, of a democratic united front, of the indivisibility of peace. (This last conception, one may note, was not favored by the Soviet Government when it carried out its annexation of Outer Mongolia, its private war with China in 1929, or its attack on Finland.) Meanwhile, David Kandelaki, Soviet trade representative in Berlin, and other private agents of Stalin were constantly keeping the wire open between Berlin and Moscow.

Litvinoff may have put a little more expression into his assigned rôle because he personally resented Nazi anti-Semitism. But Soviet officials, if they are to survive, become protectively thick-skinned. It is highly probable that Litvinoff would have carried out a precisely opposite policy if his orders had read to that effect. In fact it was Karl Radek — the international revolutionary adventurer who was born in Galicia, who speaks almost all European languages equally badly and who must know more about the secret history of the trials and purges than almost any living man, if indeed he is still alive — who was Stalin's chief counsellor on foreign affairs at the time of the ostentatious switch

from a pro-German to a pro-Western orientation.

Litvinoff worked hard on his assignment. Perhaps he came to take it more seriously than Stalin ever did. At any rate, it is not his fault if an English edition of his Geneva speeches, entitled *Against Aggression*, appeared just as Soviet bombs began to fall on Helsinki. But he never put aside his characteristic caution. During the days of crisis that preceded the Munich Agreement, he was inaccessible to the Czech representatives in Geneva. He knew what many well-meaning and credulous persons in America and England have never understood: that there was an excellent chance that Stalin would quickly bow himself out of any war which might arise on the Czech issue. He did not wish to be personally embarrassed by any rash promises or assurances.

By 1938, the GPU lightning was already striking close to Litvinoff. His Commissariat had been decimated by the purge. Krestinsky, the Assistant Commissar, had been shot. Gershelman, his personal secretary, had been arrested. A great number of the Soviet Ambassadors were listed as dead or "disappeared": Karakhan from Turkey, Yurenev from Japan, Davtyan from Poland, Karsky

from Lithuania, Brodovsky from Latvia, Bogomolov from China, Yakubovitch from Norway, etc.

How could Litvinoff, a man of recognized shrewdness and perception and a devotee of peace and anti-fascism, have surrounded himself with such an amazing number of "fifth columnists"? This is just one of many unanswerable questions that apparently have not occurred to the propagandists of the glib myth that the trials and the accompanying purge were primarily concerned with a Hitlerite "fifth column."

Litvinoff was seen in apparently robust health on the Lenin Mausoleum, watching the annual parade on May 1, 1939. Two days later he was relieved of his post, "at his own request," "for reasons of ill health." The next two years were probably the most unhappy of his life, even worse, perhaps, than the period which he spent in the Lukyanovka Prison. For one cannot gracefully retire from high office in the Soviet Union. One must either swim with the tide or be submerged. Then came June 22, 1941, and the collapse of Stalin's game of trying to win the war by staying out of it. Stalin's democratic shirt-front again had its uses. A new phase in Litvinoff's career, a phase that may bring him

to the peace conference as an influential delegate, had begun.

In personal character, Litvinoff is a realist and an opportunist. He conveys the impression of concentrating on the task in hand, without worrying too much about antecedent causes and ultimate aims. Not as well read or as cultivated intellectually as his predecessor, Chicherin, he possesses a quick, vigorous mind, adapted to the give-and-take of debate. He can be acidly sarcastic when he chooses to be, which is fairly often.

Once a delegation of foreign diplomats called on him to register a protest against a new ruling to the effect that they must pay for their food and other household supplies in foreign currency. Litvinoff blandly remarked that this arrangement was designed for their convenience. It would save them the trouble of changing their money at the State Bank. The joker in this retort was that no foreigner in his right mind had exchanged any money at the State Bank for years. That institution gravely maintained that the ruble was worth almost one American dollar, when the rate fluctuated between forty and sixty rubles to the dollar on the free market.

Now that Litvinoff enjoys the security of Washington, one won-

ders what his life story adds up to in his own mind. To which period does he look back with the most satisfaction? To the time when he was risking arrest running guns and printing illegal newspapers and pamphlets for the revolution that must have looked very different in anticipation and in reality? To the quiet years in London? To the decade of increasingly precarious eminence as foreign spokesman for the Soviet Government? Is he ever haunted by the ghosts of Krestinsky and Karakhan and Sokolnikov and hundreds of others with whom he was once associated in friendship or in rivalry?

Litvinoff makes the impression of being a man without much taste for reflection or much disposition for self-questioning. And, from the standpoint of personal serenity, this is all to the good for a man in his position. Most probably he is concentrating, as usual, on the immediate job: putting on a convincing show as Stalin's democratic shirtfront. If Americans accept him as that, and no more than that, they will be wise.

If anyone ever asks Litvinoff what he did during the Great Purge, he can reply, with the Abbé Sieyès: "I lived." And that, for an authentic Old Bolshevik, is no mean achievement.



*"So sorry Honorable
Friends fighting"*

► *From the notebook of an American
correspondent in a great capital.*

LONDON DIARY

BY WILLIAM BAYLES

WHEN I first arrived in England, a fireman working doggedly amidst smashed, burning buildings following a night of bombs and shrapnel remarked, "We ain't going to lose this war. We'll either win it or be dead. Most likely we'll be dead." That was the general attitude six months ago. Today the second alternative is no longer thought of.



Winter is again upon us, the third winter of the war. The chief comment one hears is, "The war has certainly gone fast." It has gone fast — and also smoothly — for England, considering the neglect and complacency that prevailed at its beginning. The risks were great and the squeezes tight, but with an imperturbable calm seasoned by centuries of security, England is still riding the crest of the wave and has been better prepared for this winter than she was a year ago. Her people were even able to patch the holes in their houses and lay in provisions.

The tormenting thought in many minds today seems to be that the Germans will be back and blast away all the comfort and food supplies so laboriously acquired. It is rather assumed that the present lull is merely a lull and not the end of German visits, that new hardships even harder to bear will be visited on the island. Bombs and the discomfort of shelter life have left indelible impressions on English minds.

The second worry seems to be shortages of fuel, food and clothing. Few houses in England have intact walls, tight roofs and a full complement of windows and various flimsy makeshifts have been used to replace glass. The result of paper and cellophane-covered windows is cold, draughty rooms. Fuel is scarce and becoming scarcer. Heavy woolen clothing to offset lack of external warmth is out of the question. Colds have already reached the epidemic stage, particularly in the underground shelters, where children and grown-ups alike have chronic sniffles.

The third worry is the blackout and the problems it entails. There is none of the breathless fear of violating the blackout regulations that gripped every German, because there is no death penalty in England for showing a crack of light or lighting a cigarette in the open. The most that can happen to careless persons is an admonition and perhaps a small fine. But the inconveniences of living in the dark and groping one's way through darkened streets with the aid of a small dimmed flashlight are gradually weighing on the nerves of the country and the long nights and gray days add to the burden. Transportation is becoming more difficult, because three gallons of gasoline a day are insufficient to keep taxicabs running for more than a few hours and fewer buses are now operating due to a desire to conserve fuel. Walking is also becoming a problem due to the scarcity of shoes, and having to wait up to three weeks or a month for new half-soles.



The spirit of reform is making faint stirrings in the caste-bound British Army and no more hopeful sign has emerged than the radically new system of training that is being tried out with little publicity in a

few Army training schools. It breaks entirely away from the accepted theories of military strategy and discipline, and aims to prepare men for the kind of ungentlemanly war they will probably have to fight. Parade-ground drill has been eliminated entirely and everyone undergoing training, from majors down to sergeants, does his drilling right on the battlefield, under conditions uncomfortably close to actual warfare. To teach the men to take adequate cover, live ammunition is used and the whistle of bullets is not faked.

Here are some of the principles of the new battle drill, as they were defined by an officer directing operations:

If you see an officer standing around slapping his stick while a sergeant gives the orders, shoot him. He is a good target.

The idea that spit and polish are essential to discipline is complete twaddle. War is a dirty business.

The infantry is not just a gang of stooges who creep forward behind a barrage. It must be offensive. It has more to do than merely to walk into sectors that have been wiped up by artillery.

Every officer and noncom must learn to think. New offensives must be arranged on the spur of the moment.

The officers experimenting with these new ideas for warfare that is tough and mean admit that their first and strongest enemy is the

Colonel Blimps who, though gouty, are well entrenched.



The caretaker of Berkeley Square, who burns the leaves and says, "Fine weather we're having," to the fragile old ladies in black, is becoming a student of politics and a reader of newspapers; both, I fear, so that he can contribute to the ten-minute discussions on world affairs he and I have practically every morning. "It's odd to me, sir," he said recently, "I've been reading what the ministers said yesterday in the House. One says Germany must have control of the air before she can invade us. And then Mr. Churchill comes right out and says we've as many planes as the Jerries and we do dominate the air over this country. And now here's one who spoke up right after Mr. Churchill and he says invasion is certain. How is a simple man to understand it, sir?" The three statements were undeniably there, right in the *Times*.

He told me the best joke about Iceland I've heard. It was written to him by his son, who is stationed there. It seems that an English soldier arrived in Iceland with two ambitions: to shoot a polar bear and make love to an Icelandic maiden. He tried both with some

success, with the result that he landed in the hospital. Philosophizing, he declared to visiting companions, "It would have been better if I'd made love to the polar bear and shot the girl."

"I wouldn't repeat it around, sir," the caretaker said, after we'd had our laugh. "It's not the kind of thing you'd want known about the forces."



Englishmen give their Minister of Food, anaemic-looking, complacent-voiced Lord Woolton, credit for one talent — *improvisation*. They say that he is so apt at it that he can improvise ways out of the muddle caused by his last improvisation. Having improvised ways for dealing with the black market scandal, the rationing coupon racket, hoarding and profiteering, Lord Woolton is today confronted with another of the maladies that invariably afflict countries in which the demand exceeds the supply. It is the malady of bogus food substitutes.

As onions, lemons, oranges, sausages, cream, butter and a hundred other commodities became scarce, or non-existent, enterprising individuals or groups were always at hand with a substitute that, according to claims made for it by its manufacturers, far outrivaled the

original product. Take "Peakegg — Egg Substitute Powder," for example. Two ounces of "Peakegg" mixed with water is equal to ten beaten eggs and can be "reasonably" so used, state the printed directions on each package. No hen ever laid eyes on "Peakegg," nor, for many months, did the Ministry of Food. Then government chemists discovered that "Peakegg" was nothing more than flour, bicarbonate of soda, a touch of dye and a little gum.

The metamorphosis of the sausage under wartime conditions and at the hands of unscrupulous gangs has been amazing. It has changed from meat to bread. The British have always contended that American all-meat sausages are stodgy and indigestible, that to be genuine, a sausage must have its proportion of bread crumbs. Certain peacetime butchers acquired variety by mixing rice instead of bread with their pork before filling it into skins. As meat became scarcer, the percentage of bread in the English breakfast sausage increased, although the price remained the same or even jumped. Once the barrier was broken, there was no limit and many an English workman today eats sausages that are oil-soaked bread crumbs stuffed into cellophane. For penny meat-

rolls there is "Meatlyke," the composition of which defies analysis. One thing is certain: It contains no meat.

Certain preparations, however, have fulfilled a lack in the food bill. Margarine is scarcely distinguishable from butter, synthetic lemon juice is at least sour, and synthetic cream has reached a degree of perfection that would fool a cow. The principal ingredient is nut oil added to milk in such a manner that in appearance, consistency and even taste the resemblance to cream is very close. A major London dairy has announced its intention of distributing nut oil cream and the demand for it is very great.



From the target shooting and antiquated lectures of last year, the Home Guards have progressed to flame throwers, anti-tank mines and guns, grenades and tommy-guns. They call it "battlecraft" and their instructors are the men who survived Greece and Crete. The New Zealand sergeant, who won the Victoria Cross by stalking and killing thirty-three Nazi snipers around the Maleme airfield in Crete, is to them a more valuable instructor than the brigadier who has spent twenty years over maps. Silent approach to the enemy,

competitive exercises in "hunting the Hun," ju-jitsu and other types of wrestling with no holds barred, the silent elimination of sentries, games to develop keen observation, and effective concealment now occupy the Home Guard.

Their training has been divided into "fieldcraft" and "citycraft," because the leaders know that a different type of fighting is done in open country from that which must be employed among city blocks. "Citycraft" includes the utilization of the knowledge gained at such great cost in Spain, Poland and Russia. Block and street fighting is recognized as a military science in itself requiring particular tactics and adeptness. Even records of battles between Chicago gangsters and the police have been studied for fine points of gang warfare. Practically all of London's ministries and important buildings have been stormed and defended time and again and the Home Guard has been taught to cope with every possible problem that might arise in actual combat.

I've watched the Home Guard unit of my own square develop from a somewhat embarrassed group of businessmen and over-aged Boy Scouts into as fine a little army as exists anywhere on the island. The elderly, fleshy men who thought

they were soldiers but are not have been tactfully eliminated and countless nights and weekends of training have welded the others into a real fighting force. Their job is to defend the square and the porter of my building, who is a sergeant in the Guard, is confident that they can do it. "They might get through our coastal defences, sir," he recently remarked, "but they'll never get through Berkeley Square."



While fifty thousand men die every day in the forests of Russia, London enjoys a lull that for many has become a lullaby. Fruit carts piled high with apples, pears and grapes line the approaches to Oxford Street as in peacetime. Rations are no longer as skimpy as formerly and there is often a tendency to forget them entirely. Guests ask unembarrassed for extra butter and sugar in restaurants and cheese has been added to the *table d'hôte* meals although printed at the top of each menu is a Ministry of Foods order forbidding the serving of meat and cheese in the same meal.

Hospitals and fashionable nursing homes are filling with neurotic patients whose chief malady is too much money and too little to do. Norman Hartnell, Molyneux and other fashion experts have forecast

a swing back to elegance and are preparing to cope with it. Charles B. Cochran, veteran impresario and keen student of seasonal trends, is bringing a new show redundant with legs and lavishness to town. How he secured exemption from useful employment for his bevvies of Cochran Ladies, he alone could tell.



An invasion of the Continent would have whole-hearted popular support and England hums with plans for it. Many armchair strategists think Norway could be snatched from the Nazis or that Rotterdam could be the focal point of a destructive invasion. But the majority favor a dash straight into France and sweep along the coast to the peninsula of Brittany, where a stand could be made. An incalculable amount of Nazi equipment could be captured or destroyed and the "triplets," as the *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Prinz Eugen* are known, could be isolated in Brest Harbor and either forced out to sea into the nests of waiting submarines or destroyed in the harbor. The ordinary Englishman who rides to and from work each day in packed, smelly subways does not care just what is done, but he wants the government to DO SOMETHING.

It is perhaps this longing for action that leads to undue exaggeration of hopeful rumors. When soldiers call on their friends or sweethearts to say good-by, word immediately spreads that they are off to the front. The removal of shoulder tabs from the uniforms of certain regiments is always regarded as a certain indication. And great attention is being paid to the movements of the "Commando" units, or shock troops of the Army.



Seeking for a weekend the illusion of peace, I went up to Cambridge to boat on the Cam and have tea under the trees at Granchester.

There was no peace in Cambridge. The old town was in battle dress and going grimly about the business of war. An unacademic atmosphere of mechanized bustle in which the few students in blazers, knitted mufflers and flannel trousers seemed to be intruders had dissipated the air of soft quiet that once hovered over the Gothic colleges and playing fields. Most of the colleges housed air cadets undergoing ground instruction, the skies throbbed with the noise of planes, tanks and lorries rattled constantly through the streets, and the great, barny lounge of the Lion Hotel was packed with soldiers and offi-

cers of many nationalities drinking bad beer.

It was a more warlike scene than I had ever seen in London. Members of the Eagle Squadron, with American eagles on the shoulders of their gray uniforms, shouted across the bar for non-existent Scotch whiskey. Two Indians in khaki uniforms topped with turbans sat with English girls. Poles, Dutchmen, Canadians and Australians wearing the uniforms of every service mingled with quiet English youths in officer's uniforms who were obviously surprised to see their old university town so formidably girded for war. Girls from each of the three women's auxiliary services sat drinking with men of their own or different services without distinction in rank.



Persons inclined to discredit that brassy dictum of the twentieth century, "Money talks," should observe its strange effect on many people in this tradition-studded country. A new moneyed class is rising up from the factory benches and assembly lines. Young machine operators of nineteen are today earning from \$75 to \$100 a week, more than barristers and university professors, and are making the interesting discovery that the fat

pay envelope is the "open sesame" to all the haunts of so-called society.

A harassed factory owner from the Midlands, in London for a rest from the hectic life of keeping Britain's wheels of wartime industry buzzing, recounted stories that would be amusing were they not at the same time tragic. A young factory hand, he related, had got a servant maid into trouble and in approved English fashion was called upon the carpet by her employer and told that, as an Englishman, he could do no less than marry the girl. "Oh, put a sock in it," the young man replied. "I make eighteen pounds a week. Guess I can afford to get her and three or four more into trouble. Couldn't marry her anyway, because I'm engaged to a society lady in Birmingham."



A Swiss representative of an international organization, who has just arrived in London following an extended tour of Europe, remarked to me last night, "Europa stinkt von Hass." (Europe stinks of hate.) "I never knew before," he continued, "that people could hate in so many ways." He described the deadly, black hatred of the Poles, who regard their lives

only for what they are worth as instruments of revenge against Germans; the cautious, clever hatred of the Czechs, who have organized vengeance to the smallest detail; the sullen loathing of the Danes; the proud, crystal hatred of the Norwegians that makes German soldiers cringe with discomfort; the valiant, defiant hatred that has drawn the Dutch nation into a single icicle of congealed fury; the white-hot hatred of the Belgians; even the dumb, inarticulate loathing tinged with fear that one encounters in Germany.

"What impression have you of British hate?" I asked. "The British have not yet learned to hate," he replied. "There is no hatred here. The Germans would feel happier if there were."

He was right. There is no hate in England, not even in the hearts of the Cockneys who shovel the mince-meat remains of their friends out of bombed houses, or the mothers who smile as they put their children to bed on a stinking, noisy, draughty subway station platform and whisper to them, "Don't fret, darling. Tomorrow's Sunday and the trains don't start till six."

No, there is no hate in England. It has been refined out of the English character by a civilization that is very, very old. But there is

something in the English nature that Germans fear more than mere hate. It is the cold calm that enabled badly equipped, untrained American colonials to hold their fire till they "saw the whites of their eyes," and gave RAF marshals the strength to watch English towns crumble beneath bombs while keeping back the fighter reserve that Goering was trying to coax into the air so that he could annihilate it.



So many friends in the forces are calling to say good-by these days. It is understood that no one ever asks where they are going. Most of them don't know themselves until after they have started. It is usually a telephone call: "I've had my marching orders and am off tomorrow. Good luck, old man. Thumbs up." Or it is a party at the Suivi or Four Hundred with everyone being gay and bright, particularly the departing one's sweetheart or wife. Then an uncomfortable quarter-hour on a dark, exposed station platform with porters shuffling through the darkness and groups standing around with nothing to say. The train pulls out and another friend is gone, leaving London empty out of all proportion.



Berkeley Square postscript: The aged caretaker of the square is burning the leaves from the sycamores and each morning delicate old ladies stroll around the path to sniff the fragrant smoke. The caretaker can scarcely work fast enough to keep his fire going, but on the other hand he dare not work too fast; otherwise, the burning would all be over in one grand blaze and the seasonal treat of fragrant leaf smoke would be gone for a year. The burning of the leaves is as much a part of the life of Berkeley Square as corn fodder and pump-

kins are of rural America at Halloween.

At the top of the square, I see a janitor polishing a single window pane each morning. It is in a building which has been blasted and all the other windows are boarded up while a pile of masonry lies in front of the door. Intrigued by the motive that apparently inspired the janitor to polish a solitary window in a wrecked building, I asked him why he was doing it. "Why sir," he replied in a tone that contained a reproof for my stupidity, "we can't let things go dirty."



WHY MEN COMMIT MURDER

BY LEWIS E. LAWES

Former Warden of Sing Sing Prison

WOULD you commit murder? "Ridiculous," you will undoubtedly say. "I might steal if I were starving. But take a life? Never!" This is precisely what Tom, George, and Marty must have thought at one time. For like you, or your next-door neighbor, these men were industrious and law-abiding citizens. They, too, never dreamed that they could spill human blood.

Tom, an automobile mechanic, was told that a neighbor who was courting his daughter had abused her. Enraged, he picked up a wrench and battered the alleged seducer to death. Too late, the father learned that the story was an ugly rumor, completely without basis, and had been spread by a jealous rival. The once-respected mechanic was saved from the chair because of his blameless past. But still he had to spend years behind bars, repenting that moment of rage.

George, a salesman, hurled his employer down a flight of stairs

after the two had quarreled about additional pay for overtime work.

Marty, a prosperous manufacturer, accidentally spilled a highball over another patron at a bar one evening. Hot words followed and the infuriated Marty brained his antagonist with a bottle. Thus, a man who always obeyed even the most minor ordinance felt the cold steel of handcuffs around his wrists.

These offenders hardly conform to the common conception of a murderer. For the public generally conceives of one as a gangster or a maniac, to whom killing is either a business or a pleasure. That is why the friends of Jimmy were amazed when they learned that the easy-going musician had bludgeoned a relative who was breaking up his home. Equally shocked were those who knew Carl intimately. It was impossible that Carl, the lovable buffoon from whom the children always begged stories, should be a murderer. Yet, he had plunged a knife into the throat of his sweetheart when she deserted him.

Seventy per cent of the slayers who came to Sing Sing during my wardenship had never before been in custody. It is a fact, startling only to those not familiar with crime, that murder, invariably attributed to depraved minds, is most often committed by persons of previously impeccable reputation.

The majority of slayers are not, as is popularly believed, recruited from the underworld. Each year, the Smiths and Joneses — people who once shuddered at the very thought of breaking the law — snuff out more lives than the John Dillingers and Baby Face Nelsons. Included in this group are philanthropic husbands and adventurous wives who seek divorce lethally. For some strange reason, most of them are certain that they can commit the perfect crime. But to the police, both their methods and their alibis are shopworn. Invariably, they betray themselves by overlooking important details and making stupid blunders.

For example, Ruth Snyder told the authorities that her husband had been slain by burglars. Yet, when they inspected her home, they discovered that the “burglars” hadn’t stolen anything! Arthur Payne maintained that his wife had been blown to bits by a time bomb which a stranger had

planted in her automobile. But, being a neophyte in crime, Payne forgot to keep his extra-marital life a secret and alert detectives soon learned that he was the culprit. And Florence Peters, who seasoned her husband’s food with poison, didn’t seem to understand that toxicologists are familiar with every recipe in the cookbooks of murderers.

Most freedom-seeking spouses usually resort to divorce by murder because they dread airing their difficulties or pasts in court. Eventually, however, they find their secret life histories written from preface to appendix for public consumption. That is exactly what happened to George, who wanted to avoid publicizing a scandalous domestic relationship. His wife, Mary, was unfaithful and openly contemptuous of his warnings. One night a really violent argument arose and George stabbed Mary to death. He had not divorced her for fear of the scandal and publicity, but the newspapers and their readers made a month-long feast of the sensational details of this case.

The difficulties of two-thirds of those who emerge with bloody hands from their first — and generally only — adventure in crime are traceable to marital disputes,

intoxication, or financial disagreements. Often, Dan Cupid himself acts as an accomplice and goad to slaughter.

Laura's is a typical case of love that turns to murder. She had been living as Hubert's common-law wife for two years, when Hubert told her that he was in love with another woman, whom he wanted to marry. Laura, in a single instant, changed from a gentle, loving girl to a screaming maniac. She snatched a gun, blasted away at Hubert until she was sure he was dead, then battered his head into an unrecognizable mess of blood and brains. Ruth and Florence were inseparable friends. They shared an apartment, went out on dates together. But they fell in love with the same man. When he chose Florence, Ruth was found one evening with a bread knife in her hand, staring at the corpse of her roommate.

Average citizens are law-abiding and shudder at the thought of being locked up even for a traffic violation. Yet they are the persons who generally play the leading rôles in murder scenes. The underworld stars in approximately 40 tragedies out of 100 — and their killers, in the main, are hero-worshippers or inexperienced gunmen. The experienced criminal is

too clever to clash with the homicide squad if there are any possible ways of avoiding it.

The influence of notorious public enemies is great on impressionable youngsters first entering a career of crime. This desire to emulate gang "heroes" produces young offenders such as Johnny. Until he was eighteen, Johnny's forays had been limited to pickpocketing and petty pilfering of neighborhood stores. Then he started to listen to bolder young friends who boasted of their hauls and the guns that they brandished. Impressed, Johnny decided to follow their example and with no difficulty purchased a revolver at a pawnshop. The next evening he entered a clothing store just before closing time. Hurriedly, he poked his weapon into the proprietor's ribs. "Give me the cash in the till," he muttered. But, to his dismay, Johnny found that it was he, not the owner, who was shivering like a leaf in a high gale. Suddenly his victim made an innocent move. Panic-stricken, the youth pulled the trigger.

"I never meant to kill that fellow," Johnny insisted on the night of his execution.

I believed him — just as I believed Fred.

Fred toted a gun for the first time in his life when he entered and

held up a grocery store. But he was inside no more than three minutes before he was cornered by an officer who happened to be passing. Palsied with fear at this unexpected turn of events, Fred opened fire. Eight months later he found himself in the death house. Youngsters such as Johnny and Fred murder because of fright rather than viciousness. Originally, they had never intended to harm their victims. Why, then, do they carry guns? Cliff, recently executed, offered the usual and the correct explanation: "I packed the rod only to scare that fellow. I never wanted to drill him." Cliff might also have added that hysteria transformed him from a robber to a murderer. More experienced criminals usually remain level-headed even in the face of capture. They would rather surrender than use their trigger-fingers.

There are, of course, habitual law-breakers who have no compunction about dealing out death. Such characters are numerically few, but their motives are varied and, at times, really astonishing. Gene bristled with conceit because he had participated in about eighty armed robberies without ever having harmed his prey. "One look from me and they come across," he boasted. A coney contested

Gene's bravery one fateful night. "You ain't so tough," he mocked. "If you was, you'da' plugged a guy by this time." With a snarl, Gene whipped out the gun that he had never fired previously and filled the body of his tormentor with four bullets.

Gene, who had always gloried in being known as a "tough guy," resorted to murder to uphold his reputation. But occasionally a criminal such as Mike will pump someone full of lead simply to acquire a reputation. Mike craved to be a big shot. When only thirteen, he was launched on a career of crime by an older brother. They worked together for a time, then Mike, feeling hampered by this family association, "went out for himself." He was successful in a small way, robbing tiny side-street shops and holding up an occasional passer-by. None of these exploits, however, impressed the powerful mobsters whom Mike worshipped from a distance. In fact, they found the youth bothersome and bluntly told him that he was a pest. But rebuff after rebuff only strengthened instead of weakened Mike's craving for recognition. Mike celebrated his twenty-third birthday the night he brazenly held up a dress shop. When the proprietor saw the gun, his mouth gaped and

his eyes rolled. He was so frightened that he could not raise his hands quickly enough. Mike's gun jerked twice. His victim slumped to the floor and died two days later. Mike was now talked about in the underworld. But as he was being strapped in the chair, he realized he had paid too high a price for so little glory.

Many neophytes, or even professional criminals, are as impressive as children. To emulate their heroes frequently becomes an indomitable obsession. About ten years ago, "Two-Gun" Crowley gained national prominence as a fearless gunman. Actually, his bravado was spurious, for it existed only when he carried a weapon. Yet he made good copy and his crimes rated screaming headlines. A month after Crowley's execution, a pair of weak-minded youngsters made a bid for his place as the leading trigger-man. If they carried only two guns, they figured, they would be commonplace desperadoes. So one of the boys, wanting a more impressive title, began to sport three revolvers; his friend toted four. A year later, in Sing Sing's death house, they regretted having carried even one.

The life story of most professional criminals who glide into murder follows a familiar pattern. But

Michael Alex was somewhat exceptional. He might have been the prototype for the "bad man" so often dramatized by the pulps. Alex was the leader of a quartet of thieves who robbed scores of establishments. Fleeing from the scene of a crime early one morning, he killed a shopkeeper who had screamed for help. Alex's three companions were soon arrested, but it was not until after their execution that Alex was apprehended. This ruthless gunman was later convicted of murder, yet the Court of Appeals reversed the verdict. Twice again he was tried and found guilty of the same offense. On each occasion, however, he was saved from death by judicial intervention. Finally, Alex was released on bail pending further disposition of his case. This man, though he had spent more than two years in the death house, slew an insurance collector only a month after he had gained his freedom. This time, his uncanny luck failed him. He was executed.

Frank, like Alex, did not shy from human slaughter, but he was more discriminating. For years a petty racketeer, he forced pushcart peddlers to join his "organization" and pay "dues." If one of them was in arrears, Frank would dump his cart, spoil his foodstuffs,

or shake a knotted fist. But he proudly boasted that he had never hit anyone who didn't want to be "protected." Other racketeers, however, who tried to "muscle in" on Frank's territory, received rougher treatment. Some of them were beaten, others brutally knifed and the majority was riddled with bullets. To Frank, this brutality was a necessary adjunct to the successful operation of a "business." How else, he reasoned, could he cope with his competitors?

Turning from murder as an "aid to business" to murder "as a business," we find the final answer to the problem of why men commit murder. The last large category is the "murder syndicate." More like machines than men, they deal in death strictly on a cash basis. The head of one of these organizations rarely does a killing himself. He commissions his trusted lieutenants to hire weaklings who can be easily aroused to a slaying frenzy. These trigger-men are usually liq-

uor or dope addicts, emotionally and mentally unbalanced. "Punks," they are called in the underworld and for a few paltry dollars, they spray lead as casually as a child fires a toy pistol. Most of them are ultimately taken for "rides," because they know too much.

Occasionally a so-called "punk" will go into business for himself. The most notorious of these was Lefty, who casually commented before his execution: "I'll probably be meetin' a coupla' hundred guys I plugged." Unfortunately, the Leftys are still considered the average slayers. Even John, whom I knew intimately, wouldn't believe me when I told him that this conception was a myth. He learned the bitter truth through his own unhappy experience. After spending years building a good and respectable business, he found that his partner had robbed him of every cent. Blinded with rage, he killed his partner. Today he paces his cell in a penitentiary — a murderer.



► *If Far Eastern rubber sources
are shut off — what then?*

DIGEST OF OUR RUBBER PROBLEM

BY UPTON CLOSE

WITH the Malay plantations gone and those of Java and Sumatra doubtful, will we have enough rubber — first to fight our wars, secondly for our essential non-war needs? The answer is both yes and no. If we are smart, conserve what we have and speed the development of new sources, we will get through without having to skimp too much. But if we fail to realize the gravity of the crisis, if government and private manufacturers wait for rubber rabbits to come out of synthetic hats, we haven't a chance. We will be riding home on the rims instead of getting to Tokyo. The war in the Pacific has now snapped right into our solar plexus. Women's girdles, which have largely replaced the old-fashioned corset since the last world war, are threatened. Funny? Ask your wife, sister or mother. The rubber problem is just that serious.

Already civic dislocations are coming from the threatened rubber shortage. In San Francisco, a drastic change of hours for many thou-

sands of bay area workers looms as a partial solution to the major transportation crisis facing the city and the vital bay area defense zone. Sixty thousand commuters, who now use their own automobiles between San Francisco and the residential cities across the bridges, are turning to trains and buses for transportation as tires wear thin. The present transport equipment and schedules, which now carry thirty thousand passengers across the San Francisco-Oakland bridge, are not capable of carrying triple, or even double, that load. Hence, the need for staggering working hours so that the present peak can be distributed through the greater part of each morning and evening. Cities about to take up their remaining car tracks are wondering whether or not to turn back to noisy street cars, and thus raise the further question of which we need more, rubber or scrap steel. Similar readjustments are being made (and will have to be made in most urban centers) affecting the lives

of millions of people. That's just one part of the picture. When you consider that there are more than thirty-five thousand uses for rubber in our modern civilization, you can get some idea of the immensity and seriousness of the problem.

At the 1941 rate of consumption, our stocks of crude rubber in the United States are sufficient to operate the rubber-manufacturing industry for only about eight months. Obviously, drastic measures were needed to deal with a drastic situation. Priorities chief Leon Henderson acted swiftly to impound all existing stocks until the situation could be studied more thoroughly. Mr. Henderson realized, as do most of us by now, what it means to be cut off from our crude rubber sources in the Southwest Pacific. Ninety-seven per cent of our entire crude supply came from this region — mostly from British Malaya, Dutch Sumatra and Java. In 1941, only 3 per cent of our new rubber came from all other sources — from Mexico, Latin America, Brazil and Liberia.

The first cheerful fact is that this "crude" or new rubber comprised only about two-thirds of the amount annually used. We reclaimed the other third right from our junk piles at home here. The

only foreign threat to this supply was the price offered by Japanese junk purchasers!

In 1940, we consumed six hundred and fifty thousand long tons of crude. In 1941, accelerated by the war in Europe, this figure rose to the all-time high of approximately eight hundred thousand long tons. It is difficult to see how we will be able to get along on much less, even with the strictest economy. We must assume that England, cut off from the same sources in Malaya, with *practically no stocks on hand*, will have to be fed out of an American-made nipple. Always sure of their fleet and lines of communication, the British failed to take even the belated precaution which our government did when it began to stock up more than a year ago.

II

Now there are several answers to our sudden rubber problem. None of them stand alone. The government's first answer was allocation of \$400,000,000 for synthetic plants. Even under forced draft, we can hardly expect these plants to be in operation with trained personnel in less than eighteen months, possibly two years. With shipbuilding, airplane manufacturing and arms

plants all vying for steel and machine tools, chemicals and raw materials, the problem of creating a synthetic rubber establishment is easier said than done.

Our first line of defense is our existing stocks of crude — enough to last eight months at the 1941 rate. What our 1942 rate will be, with war uses up and peace uses down, the government does not say. But at best, it cannot be less than the old rate. Our second line is our stock of reclaimable rubber, such as old tires, tubes, golf balls and heels. We can reclaim more than 30 per cent of our rubber by reducing the number of *varieties* of rubber to three or four and by not carrying the refining of reclaim rubber so far as it has been customary to do. Reducing the number of varieties or mixes and decreasing the degree of refinement (it is hard to reclaim over-refined rubber) will permit the reclaim of the amazing amount of approximately three hundred and forty thousand long tons a year, or almost half of the 1941 consumption. Reclaim can be made over and over again — like water to steam and back to water — but there *is* a loss both in quality and quantity. The erection of more reclaim plants runs into priority and equipment difficulties which experts say will

make completion a matter of eighteen months to two years. Right here, too, arises the necessity for an immediate inventory in every junkyard and backyard. Do we still have the surplus of used rubber lying around, as the government maintains, or has it been destroyed, dissipated or sold to our enemies as local dealers maintain? Japan was getting junk from us up to the freezing order just as Germany was getting junk out of English ditches until September, 1939.

Reclaim rubber is comparatively soft and lacks the “nerve” of the fresh tree-product, called Hevea (pronounced high-via). It can be mixed with Hevea rubber and used satisfactorily in fabric plies and in sidewalls for tires but lacks resistance to abrasion. The average tire on a Ford, Chevrolet, Plymouth, Dodge or Pontiac weighs twenty-one pounds and contains about twelve pounds of Hevea or natural rubber. By partial substitution of reclaim rubber, a fairly good tire of this size can be made with only five and one-half pounds of Hevea, although the mileage would be approximately 25 per cent less.

Retreading saves rubber to the extent of the amount used in sidewalls and impregnating the fabric.

Tires with tubes use 80 per cent of all rubber consumed in the United States. Our total actual production of tires in 1940, for both domestic use and export, amounted to approximately sixty million tires, of which six million were retreads. This can be stepped up to ten million with ease, more with difficulty. If the facilities of tire manufacturers as well as retread shops were used — that is, if tires could be retreaded by tire manufacturers in molds ordinarily used for making new tires — approximately thirty million tires could be retreaded, bringing the total to about forty million tires, or two-thirds of our total pre-war production.

These figures are based on normal needs. However, with production of motor vehicles drastically curtailed, "normal" figures no longer can be applied. It is much more important to remember that our good rubber, what we have of it in stock and what we may be able to get before we are cut off completely from the Southwest Pacific, (if we are) will be used largely for military needs. The demand here will be enormous and only the best will do. It would be unwise to adopt any false optimism as to how far retreads will satisfy this demand.

Our fourth line of defense is the

natural rubber which we may still get from Brazil, Mexico, Liberia, Latin America and our own California and Texas guayule. At the moment these sources produce no more than 3 per cent of our total needs. The rubber plantations and the guayule shrubs can be expanded if time permits. Oswaldo Aranha, Brazilian Foreign Minister, boasted recently in a broadcast to the United States that twenty million rubber trees in the Amazon jungles could be tapped to produce rubber in a hurry for our war program. "If you would pay half of the \$1.20 you are paying for synthetic rubber to get our wild rubber," he declared, "you would start a gold rush to the Amazon." At present, the United States is paying only about thirty cents a pound for Amazon rubber, he said.

III

For months past, scouts have been investigating the South American jungle to spot rubber tree forests and ways to get at them. Mass production of guayule rubber is still in the talking stage. Guayule is a rubber-producing, desert shrub and grows wild in the semi-arid regions of North Central Mexico and the Big Bend country of Texas. Inter-continental Rubber Company, one

of the Mr. Bigs of rubber plantations in the Far East, has been playing around for the past thirty years with the idea of cultivating guayule in the United States. Its main experimental station is near Salinas, California, and at scattered points in Arizona and Texas. At present, the company has about one thousand acres under cultivation in California. It has now developed, after extensive tests, high-yielding, disease-resistant strains of the shrub. It has also devised special machinery for planting, cultivating and harvesting.

Although rubber may be squeezed from the shrub after one year of growth, its promoters say that four years is preferred before the maximum efficiency can be attained. The entire shrub must be taken from the ground at the time of harvest and by a mechanical process the natural rubber blobs are removed from the roots, stem and large branches. But here we are up against the time element and while there would be no harm in turning a million acres of our semi-arid lands over to guayule under government supervision, the time element practically eliminates it as a "must" in our war effort.

Our fifth and last line of defense, our trench with the heavy guns, is our synthetic industry. We aren't

quite sure of this defense line and it is good that we have adequate defenses up front to hold us until we find out. The reason for some doubt about the forces in this line is that they have never been tried, but once they are equipped, we are confident that they will hold against all odds. We know we *can* perform miracles with synthetic rubber. The chief obstacle to *ersatz* up to this time has been initial cost, not technical difficulties. We have all the raw materials for making *ersatz* within these forty-eight states. No one can cut us off from this. And now that initial cost is no longer an item in production, it is reasonably safe to assume that synthetic rubber will begin to come off the production lines in quantity just about the time we run out of our existing stocks of crude.

On the basis of 1941 economy, the cost of synthetic rubber, once the taxpayer has borne the cost of initial installation, has been estimated at something like 25 per cent more than tree-grown rubber. But now, in war, costs mean nothing. When we come to envision the picture after the war, we get into pure Alice-in-Wonderland fantasy. The relation of the cost of tree-grown rubber to synthetic rubber will depend upon what exploiters and what kind of labor will operate

the plantations of the South Pacific area, upon what economic system we have here, upon what demand will exist for rubber in a world of greatly changed technology, and upon whether Asia and South America develop industry which will consume the products of their particular areas.

Leon Henderson recently told a House committee that of our normal domestic demand of thirty-five million tires, we would now be able to produce only nine million. But the evidence of potential scrap, reclaim, retreads and crude stocks fails to substantiate this dark outlook.

Let us bear in mind that we are in no sense of the word unprepared for this emergency. Discussion and experimentation in synthetics has been going on for years. The Senate Military Affairs Committee, on June 14, 1940, heard testimony from executives of firms engaged in the production of synthetic rubbers such as Koroseal, Ameripol, Buna and Butyl. In Ameripol alone, the Committee heard tire manufacturers say that they were "confident that within a year we could be producing one hundred tons of Ameripol a day. . . ." Most significant statement heard by the Senate Committee: "We have in this country enough of the ma-

terials necessary to manufacture any quantity of synthetic rubber. The petroleum industry, cooperating fully with the rubber industry, could develop in a reasonable time all the synthetic rubber that could be used."

So, in two years we shall be taken care of, if meanwhile we skimp. Now, what happens *after* the war. Rubber has been perhaps the best symbol of the international and economic mess which makes wars. It has been a "have not" article *par excellence*. The "democracy" which controlled it sought to keep prices up and stocks down for the democracy which used most of it.

But with the synthetic product replacing the tree-grown (plus tree-growing in the tropics of our hemisphere) rubber may become as universal as coal. Do economic wars thus tend to eliminate their causes? On the other hand, suppose that in order to protect a high-priced home synthetic or guayule industry, we put prohibitive tariffs on tree latex? Will this start all over again the economic provincialism and cold-shouldering that makes enemies?

At least, we shall have—skimpily—rubber for the war. Peace will have to take care of its own problems of resilience.

► *A war-time follow-up on this writer's
"Inside the America First Movement."*

OUR FASCIST ENEMIES WITHIN

By JOHN ROY CARLSON

IN A previous article I reported in detail how the America First Committee had been infiltrated and thoroughly polluted by support and actual adhesions from the most sinister pro-Nazi and fascist-minded groups in the country. Although most of this support was uninvited, it was largely tolerated even by the best-intentioned leaders and in many local chapters it took over control. Thus was created the distinctly totalitarian atmosphere in which the Committee found itself when the attack on Pearl Harbor put us into the war.

My article tried to differentiate sharply between the honest, principled isolationists and the hate-mongering elements acting as agents of foreign nations or misusing the movement as a convenient vehicle for their own special brands of fascist notions. America's entry into the war makes that differentiation even more important. Tens of thousands of yesterday's "isolationists" are today without reservation on America's side of the war.

The Committee itself has served notice of dissolution. Its former national director, General Robert E. Wood, writes me that "members of the National Committee are loyally supporting the war efforts of the nation." The same holds true, undoubtedly, for the great majority of the rank-and-file membership and unenrolled supporters. Some doubt about the quality of the loyalty, insofar as certain leaders are concerned, is raised by their own strange actions. Not content to let bygones be bygones, they seem to be going out of their way to carry over into war time the isolationist-interventionist issues of pre-war years.

For instance, preparations are evidently under way to revive isolationist bitterness in the next national elections. General Wood himself showed the way when he wrote to America First unit heads last December 15: "We hope that as individuals you will exert your efforts in support of those members of the Senate and House of Representatives who have so

bravely carried on this fight." Local chieftains, in transmitting the letter, often added their own exhortations to keep alive past quarrels. On occasion they did it as crudely as this, by Mrs. Edward W. Kimbark, chairman of the Evanston, Illinois, chapter:

We also hope that you will support the Congressmen who voted as we asked them to on various issues during the past year by working for their reelection. We must be loyal to them for they did our bidding.

Gratitude is a virtue open to question when it cuts so ruthlessly across a nation's solidarity in an hour of crisis. To an outsider, this attempt to perpetuate pre-war differences seems out of alignment with the America First pledge of loyal support of the war effort. Obviously, therefore, the formal dissolution of America First does not prove that its spirit or even its organizational cohesion have been eliminated. Nevertheless, the truly American sectors of the movement deserve every benefit of the doubt.

But what of the others? What of the raucously totalitarian groups which had channeled their activities and their emotions into the America First movement? What of the crackpot fringes of "shirt" organizations which had, likewise, found a cosy home in the environs of America First?

It is my disagreeable duty to report, on the basis of extensive investigation, that there has been no miracle of patriotic conversion among these elements. The collapse of a convenient band-wagon has left many of the hitchhikers and fellow-travelers stranded and confused. They are all in the throes of readjustment to the new war conditions. But they remain as numerous, as active and as dangerous as ever. Because their activities now provide direct psychological reinforcement for the physical attacks by enemy forces, these elements have become in a very literal war sense *enemies within*.

The chairman of the Americanism Committee of the California Department of the American Legion, Ben S. Beery, writes me that in his state "many of the people who were formerly in the America First movement are now working with other organizations whose sole purpose is to demoralize the people." This is a mild summary of the facts in all other states as well. I have at hand publications, bulletins, correspondence, all written since we entered the war, all reflecting the temper and hinting at the plans of the fascist cohorts within our frontiers.¹ In my own

¹ We have seen the originals of all documents quoted in this article and can attest their authenticity. — THE EDITORS.

view, they raise pertinent questions:

At what point does good-natured official tolerance become criminally complacent official negligence? Does the Bill of Rights exclude the application of common sense in respect to deliberate and malicious misuse of freedom of press and speech to aid the enemy in time of war?

An ardent America Firster, in a letter postmarked December 29, writes to a comrade across the continent:

For the time being we are in a state of quiescence, waiting for events to shape themselves. The trend of things already is less obscure. . . . You can be sure that very few of those who were with us before have changed their minds — although they may be cautious for the present.

Another writes on December 31:

We have already arranged to resume weekly meetings. We have a lot of ideas, are not in any way terrified and will not pull our punches.

The rest of his letter is taken up with an appeal for funds to enable him to carry on his struggle for "the truth." It was in the service of that "truth" — chiefly an extreme form of race hatred — that this patriot attended at least forty-three America First meetings.

The advent of war did not dis-

hearten the veteran Nazi propagandist, William Dudley Pelley, whose foreign policy line for America paralleled that of the German-American Bund. Just before he was hauled off to serve a prison term he sent out an enthusiastic war-time bulletin to his adherents, from Indianapolis, dated December 27. It read in part:

I am reshaping my plans to make 1942 the BIGGEST year of the Pelley publications since I set up this project. . . . I propose to get out a line of periodicals and books during 1942 such as no other concern in the country is printing — books that the nation will simply HAVE to buy. And while I'm doing it, I am keeping my ear to the ground, watching and waiting for my opportunity to function in the convulsion of a great Peace Settlement. . . .

* * *

THIS WAR IS QUITE ALL RIGHT!

It is going to work the economic and social miracles that never could have been otherwise, *and all of us are going to be a personal part of them.* . . . Get over your doldrums if you have them. . . .

Pelley signed himself "Fraternally and confidently." The same confidence breathes through the fire-eating propaganda of the Crusader White Shirts in Chattanooga, Tennessee, headed by the redoubtable George W. Christians. A confidential memorandum addressed only to trusted "crusaders," dated January 1, 1942, outlines "a plan" for the war period:

It is very simple. Here it is. Since this Monstrous Civilization, based upon Gold and Greed, seems determined to commit suicide, I think we should all pitch in and help it do the job quickly and thoroughly.

Even in war time we are permitted to ask questions, so on the reverse side of this page is a list of them which are designed to finish the demoralization and disintegration of the existing order and create a REIGN OF TERROR.

The questions listed are typical products of the Goebbels propaganda mills: "Do Germany, Italy and Japan have the right to fight for freedom from our economic strangulation?" "Is Military Aggression more brutal or immoral than the Economic Strangulation of the Tyranny of Gold?" "Do we have enough Blood and Treasure to Determine the Destiny of all the People of the World?" "Are we fighting to make Roosevelt the Dictator of the World?" The essence of Crusader Christians' "very simple plan," geared for these war days, is in this exhortation:

When the MAD MOB gets in MOTION make sure that they dig all of the blood-sucking banksters out from under their piles of rock and steel. Line them up against a wall and SHOOT them. See that they run down all the Political Parasites. Don't miss a single Politician, big or little. Just HANG them to the nearest tree or lamp-post.

In a later bulletin, dated January 5, 1942, Mr. Christians is even more explicit:

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the World's Greatest Humbug. . . . Our Liberty and Security were stolen by Washington's Raw Deal. Now we are to give up our LIVES for the delusions of Grandeur of a Merciless Monster, FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT. SOME NECK—for a ROPE.²

Father Coughlin's weekly *Social Justice* is somewhat more subtle, but no less cynical in its defeatism and anti-American innuendoes. The very issue (January 5) announcing that periodical's investment of \$25,000 in Defense Bonds overflows with attacks on our war effort. In the aftermath of Pearl Harbor, while General MacArthur's forces were dying to hold off Jap invading hordes, Father Coughlin's mouthpiece declaimed sanctimoniously:

In Japan there live 75-million persons. Japan is smaller than California. It is one-twentieth the size of Australia. Japan is almost barren of natural resources. Her people are prolific. Is there not another law, mightier than the "Atlantic Charter," which permits a people to expand to unused territories? Is it not true that the "earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof?"

* * *

Any honest person will concede that Hitler and Hitlerism were protests against the old order dominated by Britain and the United States; were spearheads of a "new order" to overthrow imperialism. . . . This means that the signatories of the Atlantic

² The typographical vagaries, especially the prodigal use of capital letters, are characteristic of the crackpot fringe literature. — J.R.C.

Charter abhor Hitler's blood superiority but support the British and American imperial superiority.

It will take more than \$25,000 in bonds to disguise a voice of Hitlerism in our midst — unless we deliberately shut our ears to its inescapable accents.

II

Enough lip service to the American war undertaking to placate the Department of Justice — and all-out sabotage of national morale. That is the war-time “party line” of American fascism. On the whole, it is remarkable for the boldness of its methods, the violence of its language and the candor of its motives. The milder, more timid members of pro-Nazi mobs are shying away from outright anti-war activities. But the chronically fascist elements — ex-Bundists, many varieties of Coughlinites, followers of Pelley and the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, adherents of the teeming “shirt” organizations, etc. — have embraced the war as their great opportunity to serve the Cause. Far from ending their subversive existence, Pearl Harbor has served as a signal for redoubled effort.

The ideal conditions for the operation of these groups are national crises, military reverses,

mounting taxes. In the warnings of both Roosevelt and Churchill that a long and difficult road lies ahead of us, fascist vultures smell the promise of carrion. Already one sees through their words that their mouths are watering for the victims. Every military upset for the democracies, and especially for the United States, will be the occasion for an invigorated internal assault on the civilian front. Simultaneous military and morale offensives represent a basic concept of Nazi war technique.

Since the dissolution of the America First Committee, the fascist rabble has been obliged to return to its former status — that of an unorganized, rebellious mass movement without central leadership and without “respectable” cover for its operations. The local rabble-rousers and national pace-setters are back in the saddle. Each of them contributes to the general program for the propagation of a defeatist mood, appeasement, distrust of the national leadership, anti-Semitism, indiscriminate red-baiting, anti-British propaganda, defamation of democracy as a way of life. Their frank major objective is “to win the peace” — to take control when the shooting is over and, as they assume of course, America has lost.

Three intensive years in the Nazi underworld of our country as an undercover investigator have made me a realist. I believe that 1942 will witness a resurgence of Nazi-fascist activity which will confound the smug and apathetic ones inside our government. It will alarm even those extremists of civil liberty who are now so sure it must be carried to the point of suicide for democracy. The sooner we break through complacency in regard to this danger, the better we shall be able to meet its threat. But let's return to the documents:

The leader of the misnamed Christian Frónt in New England, dissolved, is one Francis P. Moran. A few days after the Axis had declared war on the United States, he mailed a mimeographed leaflet to his followers in which he shrieked: "Mr. Roosevelt has sent our citizens to their deaths. . . . He is guilty of murder." He specifically called on his adherents to refuse to pay income taxes:

We advocate the refusal by all sincere and courageous American citizens to pay such taxes on the basis that they are unconstitutional, un-American and morally unjust. . . . Do not refuse to file your income tax reports. Place yourself on record honestly and then refuse to pay this unjust tax.

Soon thereafter, the same Moran asked for "a chance to prove his

Americanism by making speeches to sell Defense Bonds." Only the most gullible will be fooled by this horseplay. Anyone who knows Moran as closely as I do is aware that his "patriotism" is so much calculated strategy. It is in line with the *Social Justice* investment of \$25,000 in Defense Bond coloration.

In the January issue of *The Beacon Light*, an outspokenly fascist publication, William Kullgren, after predicting dire disaster for America, writes:

Nevertheless, we are its creators. The Synagogue of Satan could not have gotten control of our nation if there had not been a falling away from spiritual fundamentals. . . . In one sense 1942 is Judgment Day.

Kullgren is a former associate of Pelley. His *Beacon Light* has touted all the standard wares of the Nazi forgery factories, and still advertises the notorious fake *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. Adroitly, he resorts to "astrological prophecy" — a familiar Nazi device — in his latest issue to predict the early death of the President. One must read Kullgren's words as they would sound to a weak-minded fascist fanatic to grasp their horrifying implications:

If he [the President] carries out the indications of his chart he will set in motion forces that will destroy him. . . .

There is grave danger of assassination. . . . If the people fail to act I am satisfied that divinity will act, possibly through a stroke or something similar but it will be sudden. . . . Which of the two courses [death or impeachment] will take place I am not prepared to say. I prefer to paint the picture to show you the forces in operation and to leave the responsibility with you. . . . And you will reap as you have sown: and the sins of omissions are as deadly as those of commission.

Now as always, here as in Germany and other countries, the whipping up of race prejudice is the chief Nazi weapon of national disunity. Witness the latest mouthings of Charles W. Hudson, the gentleman who won the nickname "Poison Cup" when he snatched a glass of water from General Moseley's hand, at a session of the Dies Committee, because "it might be poisoned." Here is a morsel from his writings under date of December 22:

Since any tyro knows who is behind prostitution, liquor, vice, dope and scrap metal businesses, it is time Christian Americans make their voices heard in Congress before it is too late. That is the best way you can celebrate Christ's Birth. Remember who crucified Him.

In line with this noble contribution to national unity is an article in *Social Justice*, issue of December 29, cynically titled "Let's Have Confidence." Its sarcasm is as vicious as it is puerile:

On all sides, as a result of the Pearl Harbor débâcle, unnecessary misgivings are cropping up about our ability to carry war successfully into the Orient. . . . We say to our readers — have confidence.

At the helm stands President Roosevelt, who is Commander-in-Chief of Army and Navy. Counselling him, when needed, he has Herbert H. Lehman. . . . Lehman is a capable banker, married to a sister of Frank Altschul, partner in the international banking firm of Lazard Freres. . . .

Mr. Roosevelt has the friendship and assistance of his close neighbor and Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, Jr. In turn, Mr. Morgenthau has for his head economist, Lawrence Seltzer. His chief consultant is Jacob Viner, of the University of Chicago.

Mr. Roosevelt has the fine counsel of Felix Frankfurter. . . . Mr. Roosevelt has, as his chief foreign ambassador, William C. Bullitt, whose mother was a Horwitz. . . .

The article goes on and on in this vein, mentioning Jewish names and implying "Jewish connections" for Stimson, Knox, LaGuardia and Cordell Hull. With such leadership, the tongue-in-cheek writer concludes, "victory and justice is in the offing." For initiated readers, it is no less than a frontal attack on the American war effort, and for the fanatic Coughlinites a direct order not to cooperate with the American government.

One more example must suffice. Here is Mr. Kullgren again, in a solemn, prophetic vein, gracefully retiring from the bloodshed once

ne has set the butchery in operation:

Intelligent Jews will see the handwriting on the wall and there will be an unusual number of suicides and deaths. . . . The people of America will become Jew-conscious to a serious degree and much violence will result. . . . When that time arrives my work will be finished; I am an educator, not a butcher.

III

Fascists attacks on communism mean as little as communist attacks on fascism. In both cases they represent tactics in the larger war on all democracy. It is therefore important to distinguish between criticism of communist ideology from democratic sources and this sort of rabble-rousing from the January 1 number of *Publicity*, a pro-Nazi sheet published in Wichita, Kansas:

Put none but Americans on guard and don't let the communistic politicians abolish the 1942 county, state and Congressional elections. . . . We must clean house in no uncertain manner. Communism and the father of communism must GO in 1942.

The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith — registered in 1936 as Number 3223 in Pelley's Silver Shirts — was among the most voluble isolationists. His "Committee of 1,000,000" acted as host to leading America Firsters, besides carrying on its

own appeasement work. With the outbreak of the war, the reverend gentleman has switched all his resources to red-baiting of the typically fascist variety. In a recent release, pleading for funds, he screams of "the spread of communism . . . international propaganda, financed by international bankers, politicians and conspirators . . . plotters, communists, international racketeers" who "are already laying plans to turn our victory when this war is won over to foreigners and foreign countries."

And Father Coughlin recommends to his flock to entrench itself in the Office of Civilian Defense as a safeguard against communists:

If Moscow-minded misfits seek responsible positions in organizations at home while your sons, brothers, husbands and sweethearts are dying abroad, overwhelm them by your numbers and capture every office. Join up with the Office of Civilian Defense.

The anti-British *motif* in the new songs of anti-American propaganda is typified by this from the Crusader White Shirts:

Are we fighting to restore Europe to British Economic Bondage. . . . Winston Churchill, that Master of Hypocrisy and Hate, tried hard to inflame the Lust for Revenge against those who have broken British Economic Bondage. How the Political Parasites cheered. How they WISH the American people would swallow this Contemptible Contumely.

To which *Social Justice*, always more subtle and more poisonous, adds in the issue of January 5:

Nazi Germany required the leadership of Hitler and the assistance of millions of armed men to overrun Europe. Great Britain needed nothing more than the mercurial presence and golden voice of Winston Churchill to captivate — if not capture — the United States of America.

William Dudley Pelley's *The Galilean* offers a medley of all the *motifs* in the symphony of race hatred, defeatism and glorification of the Hitler idea. Printed on expensive paper, profusely illustrated, with a two-color cover, it fairly proclaims its prosperity. It would be useful, as part of our internal defense effort, to trace the source of its financial support. The publication is a mixture of mysticism, sedition and "clairaudient revelation," of a type familiar in Germany on the eve of Hitler's accession to power. It announces itself candidly as precursor of a New Order to be established on the ruins of the New Deal.

For the defeatists, *The Galilean* of January 5 provides ample encouragement of this sort:

Military history attests that when a major power grabs the initiative at the beginning of conflict, it proceeds to dictate the course of that war to the end. . . . There can be such a thing as a nation taking such terrific body

blows at the beginning of a fight that it never has an opportunity to repair the opening damage. . . . Within the twelve-month the United States may be bottled up on her own continent, blockaded on every mile of shoreline, impotent to smash the ring of her enemies.

The only solution this Cassandra sees is all-out appeasement:

The big thing at present is to rectify the New Deal diplomatic blunder and bring the war to a graceful conclusion with as little further loss to American territory and sovereignty as may be contrivable. . . . Every reverse that comes in the Pacific would appear to be but another smear of grease, preparing the chute for the slide. . . . The prospects are that the war will be brought to a fairly swift close, the moment the anti-Nazi fire-eaters can be excused politically from power. And that is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Pelley, it must be said, does have the courage of his convictions. He says in so many words that the United States, not Japan, started the Pacific war, because our "provocative conduct" led to the bombing of Pearl Harbor! This, however, does not leave him, as an American, particularly sad. On the contrary, he glories in it all as prelude to a great change. Listen to *The Galilean*:

It is conceivable that six months of an utterly ruinous war might cause it to become most attractive to certain legislators responsible for the débâcle to retire and let others take over and see what order they can bring out of the

mess. *It has happened in other countries. It can happen here in America. . . .*

Two days after the Hawaiian attack, Herman D. Kissenger, of Kansas City, Missouri, wrote to Representative John B. Dingell: "I think it is the Congress and the President that ought to be court-martialed — that is, impeached. . . . The main responsibility for the attack by Japan rests on the shoulders of 'Grandpa Knox'!" Kissenger has been a Nazi propagandist since 1933. He contributed regularly to the Bund weekly, to *Social Justice*, *Publicity*, *National American*. In 1938 he furnished a mailing list of Americans to the American section of the notorious Nazi propaganda outfit, *World Service*.

At this writing, Kissenger, after brief detention, has been released to continue work for his chosen cause. Little wonder that his breed are quite optimistic about their chances of bigger and better Hitlerite propaganda even while we are at war with Hitler. Two of California's prime fascist agitators — Robert Noble, president of The Friends of Progress, and Ellis O. Jones, head of the National Copperheads — held a mass meeting at Embassy Auditorium, Los Angeles, on January 7. Their leaflets carried these boastful lines:

Remember: the US Attorney-General says we have a PERFECT RIGHT TO TALK — AND WE WILL!

Under the benign dispensation, there is a growing number of fascist publications. Of those issued before the war, the German-American Bund weekly and a few others have discontinued. The rest are still in business, with little if any change even in their window dressing. *America in Danger*, a fascist sheet published in Omaha, in effect admits publicly that it is subversive by displaying this warning:

NOTICE — If any soldier receives *America in Danger* bulletin, I did not send it. If any subscriber joins Armed Forces, advise me so I can remove such name from *America in Danger*. — Charles B. Hudson.

Destiny, put out by the so-called Anglo-Saxon Federation, with headquarters in Haverhill, Massachusetts, renewed a drive for membership and circulation immediately after Pearl Harbor. It took full-page advertisements in New York, Washington, Hartford and San Francisco. It is published even more expensively than *The Galilean*. There can be no doubt that the Federation has fat sources of income. The organization rests on as fantastic a "historical" lunacy as any issued from the subterranean chambers of Nazi science. The ten lost tribes of Israel are not lost at

all. They have merely migrated to Anglo-Saxon lands, leaving only "the tribe of Judah" in Palestine. It is in the name of true Israel, therefore, that this Federation wars on the remnants of Judah! Although the Federation has no "uniformed" members and no tangible program, it has played a fascist rôle in its violent racial propaganda and through its championing of General George Van Horn Moseley, whose pro-Nazi views are now a matter of public record. It is significant that the war should have served to intensify the work of this organization.

Another exemplar of the current techniques of national disunity is provided by *The X-Ray*, a half-literate sheet edited by one Court Asher in Muncie, Indiana—the city famed as Middletown. The weekly describes itself as "supporting the democratic principles of Thomas Jefferson." It is in Jefferson's name that its front page for January 3 "exposes" the V symbol for victory as just another Hebraic trick to snare the innocent. Having proved that much, Asher has no trouble at all proving that he would be "a Knave" or "a Willkie" if he failed to apprise his readers that it was "the secret manipulations of the Jew money powers" through the New Deal

"that brought this war about."

The leading editorial of *The X-Ray* before me is titled "I LISTENED TO CHURCHILL AND CURSED." Not content with current history, the issue delves into the past with a reprint of the famous canard previously published by Pelley and Coughlin, "Who Plotted Lincoln's Death?" You guessed it. Somehow or other Lincoln seems to have aroused the enmity of "the Rothschilds," who decided to have him assassinated.

The X-Ray ravings, original and reprinted from *Social Justice*, might be ignored for the pathological nonsense that they are, were it not that so many Middletown businessmen actually advertise in the publication. The sheet itself could be brushed aside, if it did not fit so snugly into the larger pattern of psychological offensive traced in this article.

The attitude of the Department of Justice in the face of this internal offensive has been one of sad resignation. Apparently it is assumed officially that the Bill of Rights leaves America without recourse to common sense.

That, however, does not dispose of the issue. Clearly even traditional concepts of civil rights must be adjusted to the facts of modern

"psychological warfare." Increasingly the American people are likely to ask fundamental questions: Must we submit to internal Axis attacks merely because they take the form of words instead of explosives? Shall the ideological agents of Nazism have the right of way at the very moment when Americans are making supreme sacrifices to defeat Nazism on the fields of battle? Does not the new fascist idea of war-making, extending military operations to the home front in terms of morale, call for adequate counter-measures?

I quote a passage from an address by the editor of the *AMERICAN MERCURY* on the Town Hall of the Air program recently:

We must recognize, right here and now, that every attack on the mind and nerves of America is as dangerous as an attack on its factories and cities. We must recognize that every preaching which sets group against group, race against race, section against section, is, at this juncture, an act of war. Those who would wreck our national unity are as guilty of sabotage as those who would wreck our industrial plants or communications. Those who place their private rights and special group interests above the common danger and the common task are delaying the victory and putting us all in jeopardy.



Withdrawal

AMERICA S SMALLEST NEWSPAPER

BY JAMES S. POOLER

M^{EARS}, Michigan (pop. 220), supports the nation's smallest newspaper, but supports it under protest. The protests range from simple name-calling to the favorite Mears sport of knocking Editor Swift Lathers from under his bowler hat. There have been twenty-seven such major assaults in the twenty-eight years since Lathers founded his four-page Mears *Newz* in western Michigan's Oceana County. Nevertheless, no citizen dares miss a copy and 1810 people in thirty-seven states pore over the 5½-by-7½ inch pages every week. The Mears *Newz* is celebrated in metropolis and hamlet, in drawing room and kitchen — wherever, in fact, that it appears.

The reason for this popularity, incredible to the uninitiated, is Swift Lathers himself. Swift is the spirit of Richard Gordon Bennett at a whistle stop, a pre-Winchell snoop, a poet in prose, a curator of humanity, zookeeper of mankind and the most assaulted editor in the history of vigorous journalism. He

describes himself as the "Defender of Civilization at the Crossroads," "A Fireball Rolling Down the Pages of Oceana County's History" and "The Perambulating Conscience and Gardener of the Dune Country." The most articulate of his enemies calls him "a Peeping Tom who thinks he is Thoreau."

Swift Lathers is fifty-two now and his eyes blink badly but he misses very little of the life around him and he is spry enough to scramble about Oceana County fifteen miles a day on foot to get the news. He uses the rural doings of Mears, Hart, Pentwater and Shelby (a cluster of little towns in the thinly-settled county) as a sounding board for his own views, which are pertinent enough to get his one-man newspaper rated among the six best weeklies in the country.

The headlines in the Mears *Newz* reflect Swift's concern for civilization, if one agrees with the editor's definition of all civilization as "just Mears on a more elaborate scale."

Something always is "ripe in the land of Mears." It may be that "Roman Candle Remnants Are Ripe in the Land of Mears," or perhaps "Wishbones and Feathers" are ripe, or "Hearts and Paper Lace," "Mittens and Snow Images," "Beach Umbrellas," "Inaudible Frogs," or "Soapy Windows." Whatever the season has to offer, it is ripe in Mears.

Under the headlines, Swift carries on his perennial battle. His earthy touch has dealt with politicians, school teachers and small-town morals; petty grafting, closed roads, billboards and the United States Post Office; sand scooters, dog snatchers and censorship; the great State of Michigan and a short-weight butcher. Swift will loiter to tell a little boy how to grow up and, with the largesse which sometimes consumes him, he will give all the world's graduates and his circulation a commencement address, *gratis*.

Herewith is a sample of Lathers journalism, a discourse which rambles from one column to another of hand-set type with no pause for breath or paragraphing:

The coming of December snow reminds Ed Behnke of the time he came home last winter in a sleet storm and found the backyard so slippery his mother had to throw him the clothes line to pull him in. Bob Wilson nearly

broke a leg chasing Ruth Minch and had to have an X-ray taken. Max Field wants skunks. Never mind skinning them, Max will do the skinning. Max Field wants coons also. Bring in the coons and Max will do the skinning. (adv.) Little Point Sable lost another of its long-time residents in the sudden passing of Dr. Edward F. Kenyon, 71. Dr. Kenyon was a splendid neighbor with a generous, tolerant soul, free from intrigue and animosity. He wore a spiritual garment that was the incarnation of Christianity and he wore it every day. . . . I saw C. A. Van Amberg in the hardware store buying some big spikes. Could it be that his tenement building is falling apart? Nathan, my son, you are five years old now and I see you playing blocks by the register with your brother, Sylvan Dale. I have given you little red cars and trucks and a tin merry-go-round for your birthdays. Now I would give you a philosophy of life to get through the world and a formula of simplicity to solve all your problems. . . . When you grow up I want you to have a house all your own. Perhaps you can build it yourself. I must get you a hammer and saw and send you over to the speckled hardware to buy some nails. If you learn to make bird houses this year, you can be building dog houses when you are ten, cottages when you are fifteen and real homes when you are twenty. It won't make any difference to me if you never drive an automobile but I want you to have a set of chessmen and a bookcase and two good feet that will take you for long walks by the hemlocks and the brooks with pebble bottoms. Simplicity of amusements will do more than save your shining silver dollar until it grows into a home. Books and chessmen are far safer playmates than guns and speedsters. They will fill your mind with riches. . . . Consider me at

my age. What do I need? What do I want? Firewood, food, shelter from the wind, a shelf of books, chess and two good feet that will let me walk 15 miles into the solitudes of the dunes, along the shore and through the forest. And a stone in a great meadow where I can sit down and think and solve the universe. . . .

Swift Lathers' life is as simple as that in its essence, but the practical business of making a living comes hard. He must get \$2.40 a day out of Oceana County, a feat roughly comparable to floating a German War Loan in Coventry. The Mears *Newz* requires \$4 a week for operation and the remaining \$12.80 goes to operate his family: a wife and six little shavers, whose names — Thelma Celine, William Rush, Forest Glen, Nathan Quick, Sylvan Dale and Fleet Birch — reflect their father's imaginative love of nature.

Yet Swift has done well by his own definition. He began with 300 subscribers and no reputation at all, setting his type in an old cider mill. In twenty-eight years, he has acquired a subscription list which would be many times longer if he did not purposely limit it, a forty-year-old typewriter with a six-row keyboard to help his composition, and a reputation both local and national. He changed his paper's name from *News* to *Newz* because a resorter told him the former wasn't

distinguished enough. Aside from all this, Swift and the *Newz* haven't altered.

II

No one knows how big a subscription list he might have compiled because one day, when the circulation hit 2740, Swift made himself immortal among editors by voluntarily cutting the list in two — literally, with a pair of scissors employed at both ends. Everybody whose name began with a letter up to D or after S stopped getting the Mears *Newz*. That left Swift free to do complete justice to Oceana County and to homestead a sand dune. He always wanted to go as far west in Michigan as he could and settle a sand pile he could call his own.

Swift chose to homestead in the worst of the depression. He wrote glowingly at the time about how a man could feed a family on a half dollar a day, "walking seven miles to the store to buy two pounds of oatmeal for a dime, two pounds of sugar for 14 cents, a loaf of bread for nine cents, a small can of condensed milk for a nickel, a five cent orange for the baby and a pound of onions to ward off disease and promote the general welfare." Thus he lived as a man of property, even if

the winds kept shifting it around beneath him.

This homestead led to one of his biggest battles. Just at the moment when Swift Lathers had proved that a man could make his own castle, the State declared that all the dune country would become a state park. Editor Lathers sent the commonwealth reeling with two well-directed editorials concerning the rights of the little man. The State of Michigan forthwith went plaintively into the courts of the United States Land Commission and pleaded its case. The Land Commission told Swift he had better stop annoying the State. When the smoke had cleared away, the Commission was left to reflect on its historic sins against the Indians, recalled by Swift, and the battered State of Michigan found itself dragged into the court of the Secretary of the Interior. Round two was Swift's. Michigan might have its state park, but it would be kind enough not to trespass on that half-mile stretch that is Editor Lathers', the estate of the little man.

No politician in Oceana County sleeps well on the eve of election. Swift is given to getting out 3000 extras on such nights and dispatching them by bicycle couriers. He has upset so many political apple-

carts that he blames a whole series of attacks on him a decade ago on the fact that defeated candidates encouraged the citizenry in the belief that a bounty had been put on Lathers. Swift wore a club under his shirt for three years, circumnavigated all cars parked on the highway, and he remembers that Forest Glen hadn't been talking long before he picked up the phrase, "Papa, they're outside the house again."

Everybody, everywhere, can identify himself with the lonely crusader of Oceana County. You've had trouble getting stamps? So has Swift, who also couldn't get his late mail nor his weekly out on time. So it's a Federal monopoly, eh? They think they can close the Mears Post Office at five o'clock. Washington, D. C., begged, "Swift, please quit," and the village postmaster came over to plead: "Anything you say, Swift, but please let me off on Sundays. I'm a church-going man."

Time has brought the editor's most begrudging enemies to the left-handed compliment that "Swift's not as dumb as he looks." And the Mears *Newz* has brought them to say, as one white-haired lady of Hart: "It's an awful paper for us folks living here. Scandalous! And the type's so small I can't read

it without my glasses." Swift's crusading results frequently in violence, but the violence is usually of a revealing character. Consider one of the more common incidents:

Swift had referred to the village bakery several times as "The Bun Shop" and the baker, with the ready suspicion of *Newz* readers, chose to believe the phrase had a nasty sound. He warned Swift. "Call my bakery 'The Bun Shop' once more and I'll hit you right over the head with the rolling pin." An hour after the next Mears *Newz* was out, Swift was in "The Bun Shop." He and the baker surveyed each other. "Yes?" said the baker. "Yes," said Swift. The baker curved his right and raised a mouse under Swift's left eye.

"That wasn't what you said you'd do," reminded Swift, a man who sticks to the facts. The baker dove for his rolling pin and Swift dove for the front door. Two weeks later, the baker had looked in his dictionary and was overcome with remorse. He and Lathers cooked up one of the editor's numerous barter deals — fifty pies would square the misunderstanding. Later, more remorse smote the baker and he ordered five thousand bread wrappers from Swift. Of course, they were labeled "The Bun Shop."

More serious was the time Swift

got himself kidnaped. He had been running a series on "high life in high society in Hart" and one night a committee of gentlemen grabbed him as he stepped off a train. It looked mighty suspicious to the station agent when they threw Swift into a car and drove away. He tagged along and saw the kidnapers take the editor to a desolate shack, uncoil a rope and roll up their sleeves. They had begun to threaten when a car turned on the highway, its lights flashed in and the committee fled. When Lathers staggered outside, there stood the station agent.

"Good gosh, Joe," Lathers panted. "Why didn't you run for help?"

"I was just waiting to see if they did string you up, first," the agent explained.

Small wonder that the word "tranquillity" creeps often into Swift's editorial musings. It is one of his dreams. "I want everybody to be happy. I want everybody to work," he wrote in an anniversary issue. "I want to see Mears as a city set to music. Some day I shall find the perfect system. Some day the atmosphere of hate and prejudice will dissolve away. Some day I shall find the blue sky of tranquillity."

Meanwhile, Swift will continue to defend civilization every Friday.

► *Does the American Negro share the benefits of American democracy?*

HALF SLAVE, HALF DEMOCRAT

BY EDWIN R. EMBREE

HITLER has claimed that he patterned his handling of minorities in Europe on our treatment of Negroes in America and there is just enough truth in that Nazi slur to shock every decent American. But what Hitler tries to cover up is the difference in direction.

While he has crassly reversed the clock of civilization, we in America have been slowly moving toward more tolerance and freer opportunity for all peoples. The abuses and discriminations that Negroes still suffer are too well known to need repetition here. I want to point out some items on the other side of the shield: the heartening progress that Negroes themselves have made during their two brief generations of freedom and the changing attitudes which show that America is still marching toward democracy.

At the time of emancipation, almost all Negroes were ignorant, poor, unkempt, lacking in every aspect of a free, strong people. The few "free persons of color" had been subject to such duress and

restrictions that most of them were little better than slaves. The Emancipation Proclamation suddenly liberated the whole race. But no edict could in itself create the essential marks of free men: education, health, economic prosperity, self-reliance. All these had to be won by the freedmen themselves through hard and painful effort. And in spite of handicaps, they have been achieved to a remarkable degree in the amazingly brief period of seventy-five years. I list some of them in briefest outline:

Literacy, which could be claimed by a scant 5 per cent of the four and a half million slaves and "free persons of color" at the time of emancipation, has swelled to over 85 per cent of the thirteen million Negroes in America today—a literacy rate higher than that for the total population of all but about a dozen countries of the world. Negro children, who seventy-five years ago were denied access to education by the laws of many states both North and South, are now in school in steadily rising

numbers: two and a quarter million in elementary schools, two hundred thousand in high schools, over forty thousand in colleges. These pupils are taught by 61,000 teachers of their own race. In the South several Negro colleges have standards fully equal to those of their white neighbors. Fisk and Atlanta and Howard are among the educational leaders of the region regardless of race, while Tuskegee and Hampton and, more recently, the Fort Valley State College of Georgia, have set fresh patterns in education that are widely copied. The Department of Social Science at Fisk University under the brilliant leadership of the Negro scholar, Charles S. Johnson, is commonly rated among the most distinguished departments of any Southern university.

In health, while conditions are still far below any decent American average, Negro death rates have come down from an estimated thirty-two per thousand in 1890 to about fourteen per thousand today. Although the Negro rate is still 35 per cent above the national average for America, it is far better than the averages of most of the peoples of the world. Four thousand physicians and six thousand graduate nurses are leading the slow climb of the race toward sound health.

Well-organized hospitals in a score of cities; staffed by Negro physicians and nurses, are bases for steady improvement in medical standards.

The Negro still furnishes an undue percentage of crime and delinquency. A part of this statistical showing is due to the tendency of police to arrest Negroes much more casually than whites and of many judges too readily to assume their guilt. There are thousands of pitiful cases of the jailing of innocent Negroes just as there have been hundreds of cases of mob violence against Negroes who were not even on the scene of any crime. More basic causes are easily seen in conditions which the nation can remedy if it sets about it earnestly: lack of facilities for recreation; congested housing, with red light districts and lawless gangs; lack of adequate schools; limited openings for employment; and in general a "low ceiling" of opportunity.

Certainly Negroes are below other large groups of the population in income and in property ownership. They currently furnish more than twice their quota of relief cases. On the other hand, there is some evidence of progress. The *Negro Year Book* estimates that since emancipation the Negroes have accumulated more than

\$2,500,000,000 of wealth. There are about seventy thousand Negro business establishments of all sorts, of which twenty-five thousand are retail stores doing an annual business of over \$100,000,000. Twenty-three Negro banks were sound enough to survive the depression and today have combined resources of more than \$15,000,000, and forty-four well-organized insurance companies have insurance in force of nearly \$500,000,000. Negroes own and publish two hundred newspapers and periodicals. The total purchasing power of the race is estimated at two billion dollars a year. One hundred and seventy thousand Negroes own their own farms, a total of ten million acres. This is a substantial stretch of land for any people to own, more than the total acreage of the three historic states of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island.

The Negro is probably most generously recognized for his unique contributions to the arts. He has furnished America's distinctive folk music and folk art: the spirituals, jazz and swing, the dance and the folklore. This creativeness, swelling up in an ebullient race, is now finding increasing expression in the more sophisticated forms of the fine arts: literature, drama, musical composition, painting and sculp-

ture. Run over a list of names in the creative arts and note the number of Negroes at the very top: William Grant Still in musical composition, Marian Anderson and Roland Hayes in concert singing, Paul Robeson and Ethel Waters in drama, Katherine Dunham in the dance, Richmond Barthe and Augusta Savage in sculpture, Aaron Douglas, Hale Woodruff and the youthful Jacob Lawrence in painting, Langston Hughes, Richard Wright and W. E. B. DuBois in writing, and half a hundred more in every creative field.

II

I do not want to seem to be saying that all Negroes are by nature industrious, honest, talented and kindly — a super-race kept from splendor merely by white stupidity. They are not much better than white people, even in democratic attitudes. Among themselves they show the bitter jealousy that often marks minority groups. Individuals who show ability and get their heads above the ruck are sniped at and maligned. The Negro press spends inordinate space in stirring up race feeling against whites and in fomenting quarrels and schisms within the group. Even welfare organizations often seem more in-

terested in getting ahead of rival societies than in advancing the general cause. Anyone who works toward gradual progress rather than an immediate millennium is liable to be denounced as a traitor. Negroes who are property owners are often bad landlords.

Negroes on the average aren't any better than other groups, but they are not "by nature" any worse either. And the progress they have made during the past seventy-five years has brought them much nearer the American standard in every phase of life than most people realize.

Not only has the Negro progressed but our attitudes toward him have changed and are changing steadily. The greatest transformation is in the South, partly because that region started from the lowest level. Only two generations ago, far from any public provision for Negro schools, there were laws actually prohibiting the teaching of any colored person, slave or free. Today every Southern state provides, from the public treasury, grade schools and high schools and at least one state college for members of this race. Of course, we have a long way to go before there is anything near equality in educational opportunity. The average amount spent on the education of

each Negro pupil is only one-fourth that spent on each white child. Mississippi, with almost exactly half its population Negro, spends over \$12,000,000 annually for its white schools, and less than \$1,500,000 for the education of its colored children. In one county in Mississippi \$40 a year is spent for each white pupil and \$1 per Negro pupil.

The regular "public libraries" exclude Negroes and the facilities in branch libraries or Negro bookmobile services are scant. One of the brilliant Negro Fellows of the Julius Rosenwald Fund read many of the volumes needed for his historical research in the men's wash-room of a Southern library because he could not take the books out with him and was not allowed to use them in the reading rooms. Richard Wright tells with bitter humor how he managed to read the classics — by signing the names of prominent white citizens to notes addressed to the librarian asking her to send by "this boy" the desired volumes.

While facilities are still unequal, the change in attitude and practice would be recognized as a revolution had it not come so gradually and steadily. North Carolina is a good example. In 1835, the state legislature passed a law forbidding the

teaching of any Negro and providing that the public school system should *never* extend any of its benefits to any descendant of Negro ancestors even to the fourth generation. Just a century later, North Carolina is leading the nation in its provision for public instruction for Negroes, with 2,141 public schools, 168 of them at high school level, five state-supported colleges, and \$7,000,000 annual expenditure from the state treasury.

In the colleges, white students are taking an interest in Negroes and general social problems unbelievable even ten years ago. The University of North Carolina, Duke, Virginia, Emory and Vanderbilt are making important contributions to racial understanding. A notable but not unusual example is student sentiment at the University of Mississippi. Last spring, the student paper in this "heart of the Confederacy" brought out an issue with more sympathetic and intelligent articles and editorials on the Negro than one could find in any journal edited by professional liberals.

National change is seen most strikingly in the strong stand of the New Deal administration in behalf of Negroes and of all minority groups. Of course, the democratic principles of the Federal

government have not percolated to all departments and all regions, but in general this administration has done more to enlarge opportunities and establish rights for Negroes than any government since Abraham Lincoln's.

It is true that only last summer there were some old-time ructions in Georgia. The Governor, in what the papers of his own state described as a public lynching, threw eminent white educators out of the state university system on the charge that they were taking too great an interest in Negro education, specifically on the unfounded and publicly disproved accusation that they were advocating co-education of the races in Georgia schools. But it must be remembered that the newspapers in the counties as well as the cities blasted the Governor for his political shenanigans.

It is true also that we continue all over the nation to humiliate even the most eminent citizens who happen to have dark skins. Anyone who saw that memorable play, *The Green Pastures*, will remember Richard Harrison, the gifted actor who created the rôle of "de Lawd." Calling on me in Chicago one Christmas season, he reported with pride the play's success on its Southern tour. After the

final show in Austin, Texas, he and other members of the cast were given a gala reception by Austin's leading citizens, headed by the governor of the state. Glowing from this reception, Harrison went to board a late night train. His greeting at the station as he asked for a berth was: "Nigger, you can't ride in no Pullman." All that was available to "de Lawd" on that otherwise handsome express train was a very shabby seat in a Jim Crow car.

But before we turn to the things still needed that will mean democracy for this particular minority group, let us deal with the ancient scarecrows of social mingling and intermarriage. Almost the total of race mixture in America has come not at Negro initiative but by the acts of those very white men who talk most loudly of "race purity." Negroes aren't eager to marry white girls and they would like to have their own girls left alone by both white toughs and white aristocrats. Negroes do not want to force themselves into any social gathering where they are not welcome.

What they want and what they have a right to demand is decent treatment, equality before the law — the rights and opportunities of American citizens.

III

What are the essentials that Negroes have a right to expect in American democracy?

First, the right to earn a living at work for which they are fitted by merit and ability. Tradition and prejudice, not lack of native ability, have kept the majority of Negroes at menial tasks. Some organizations do employ Negroes in posts of importance, but only in rare instances does a Negro get the salary a white man would command in the same job. The Office of Production Management has been making some headway in its effort to induce holders of defense contracts to employ all Americans without discrimination in both skilled and unskilled jobs, but it is a hard fight.

Labor unions have been equally reactionary. The older ones had a general practice of excluding Negroes, an unbelievable stand for a group seriously engaged in the class struggle. Organized labor has had to pay dearly for its prejudices, for Negroes were naturally enough played off by the employers as strike breakers and as a threat to any united stand by the workers. The CIO, opposing discrimination on any grounds, is making possible for the first time a really united

front of labor in America. It has over 100,000 Negro members and its stand is swiftly changing the attitude of the older unions.

In spite of obstacles, Negro workers have made spectacular gains in the industrial centers. Today over one million are employed in manufacturing industries, 150,000 of them as skilled workmen or foremen and another 225,000 in semi-skilled jobs. But in farming and Southern rural life generally, the Negro is probably worse off than ever. The collapse of cotton and the slowness of change toward dairying and food crops, have left Southern farming stranded. Tenancy has now sucked in nearly twice as many whites as Negroes — five and a half million white men, women and children to three million Negroes, according to the recent careful survey of the Tenancy Commission. The Negroes are at the bottom of this soggy heap — and three million Negroes comprise nearly a quarter of the total population of this race. Share-cropping and domestic service continue to be the standard rôles of Negroes in the rural South.

One would think that minority groups who have a special interest in democracy would be welcomed heartily into the armed forces for the defense of democracy. They

are not. The United States Navy still regards itself as a gentleman's club. Its officers have never included Negroes and in general, this whole tenth of the population is excluded from the strategic part in national defense which the Navy plays. The Army is a little less prejudiced. A Negro for the first time in our history has been raised to the rank of brigadier-general, and a group of Negroes has been admitted to the medical corps, but the rule persists that Negro troops shall be commanded by white officers.

Though a new step has been taken with the establishment of the air-training base for Negroes at Tuskegee, brown Americans are embittered by the Army announcement of a pilot shortage when only thirty-three Negroes each year are to be allowed pilot training in a program which calls for thirty thousand new pilots annually. A new ruling of the War Department stipulates that Negroes are to be accepted for service in proportion to their numbers in the population and to assure attention to their needs, Dean W. H. Hastie of the Howard University Law School has been appointed Civilian Aide to the Secretary of War.

A second fundamental of democracy is the basic right to equal

opportunities in education, health, recreation and similar public services. Negroes have a right to demand for themselves and their children what other Americans demand in this rich nation. They also want the right to vote. Equal suffrage is the very basis of democratic government. Yet today four million Negroes — almost two-thirds of the American Negro population of voting age — are kept from using the ballot. The power of the vote has been quickly reflected in better treatment and improved public services for Negroes in such cities as New York and Chicago. Increased voting and better protection and opportunity have moved up together in the border states, notably Kentucky, Maryland and West Virginia. Here, as in other cases, the Negro is an index of democracy. Where he has been denied American rights, the whole democratic process has tended to break down. The poll tax, for example, set up largely to exclude colored voters, has also shut out 64 per cent of white voters in eight Southern states.

No longer can the fear of "Negro domination" be raised as a scare. With the balance turn in Mississippi at the last census, there is now no state in the Union which does

not have a clear majority of white population. The black congestion of the rural South has been greatly relieved by recent migrations. More than one-fourth of all Negroes now live outside the states of the old South and only about half of them live in sections classed as rural (farms and communities of less than 2,500 population). Today New York City has almost as many Negroes as the whole state of Arkansas, more than twice as many as in border states like Kentucky or West Virginia. In fact, throughout the nation, while Negroes have increased at a healthy rate, they have steadily declined in proportion to the total population for 150 years — from more than 20 per cent of the national population in 1790 to a little less than 10 per cent in the 1940 census. The return of the ballot to these native-born citizens is a minimum requirement of democracy, and with it, of course, equality before the law.

While it is not to be expected that old customs and traditional attitudes will change quickly, America is continuing her steady march toward democracy. As we gird ourselves to defend our ways of life from foreign attack, we should exert greater effort to give fair play and free opportunity to all the people in our midst.

TRAIN RIDE

BY OSCAR WILLIAMS

SEEING the distance twist, the landscape
Deftly turning, the train soundless as a sigh
In a dream and tarred in the feathers of the wind,
We speed beneath halloo of an autumn sky.
A million trees rise on the platter
Of one impression, the giant arm falls;
Memory slides through a slit instant
Photographing our fall down heaven's halls
Where the superb common people are living
Now under their extreme apple trees
Or hanging a cow face over the fence
Of the next moment or cleanly breezing off,
Into the ant hill scenic with farmhouses.
A province intervenes, the view teeters . . .
Dark . . . light . . . the man on the billboard,
Still hot, is drinking his paper beer —
His smile crashes by, bathed in the faith
Of tomorrow; but the season is over
For skating on other people's minds,
It is all over for the tired and the clever . . .
The messed up past is blotted out by light.
See how we race through the roomy everywhere,
How only these roadside trees fall back,
How the future keeps pace with us from afar.
Autumn's colors are burning like rugs in flame,
The morning rises blue from a thousand campfires,
The earth spins as though thrown by a thought,
With mountains nimble as lambs on the horizon.
Forget that you have lived; all is now;
There is only life, not a sign, really, of death;
Though the trees bend into tunnels above, see how
We are chased by the mountains of our faith.

YUGOSLAVIA'S GUERILLA FIGHTERS

By S. L. SOLON

WHEN the main forces of the Yugoslav Army stopped fighting, the troops who were determined to continue the war retreated into the mountains. They were able to withdraw part of their light artillery and a substantial quantity of motorized equipment — motorcycles, armored cars and even light tanks. Once hidden, these troops organized a central command and a supply service. Part of their supplies were contributed by a sympathetic population, but these patriots were well aware that most of their future fighting materials, gasoline, ammunition and automotive parts would have to be taken by force from the German army of occupation. Out of this desperate beginning, Yugoslavia's *chetnik* army has developed into one of the most powerful guerilla forces ever to harass an enemy. The word *chetnik* itself has its historical derivation in that earlier stout band of irregulars who fought off the marauding Turks at the time of Ottoman expansion. Today, Hitler has in this elusive,

dangerous enemy a foretaste of what he can expect in the future from occupied Europe.

The effectiveness of the *chetniks* has increased steadily. For the first two months after their withdrawal, leaders ordered them not to engage the enemy. The army of occupation must be put off guard, encouraged to reduce its garrisons and slacken its vigilance. This plan succeeded, broadly speaking. The Germans announced that all resistance had been wiped out. But there were Nazi officers who puzzled over the 150,000 Yugoslav troops still unaccounted for as dead, wounded or prisoners. This puzzle was soon solved for them. Small guerilla bands began to pounce on German supply trains as the *chetnik* rearmament drive got under way. Nazi truck caravans, going through ostensibly subdued country, found themselves confronted by barricaded roads, and artillery manned by Yugoslav soldiers. In a short time, the guerillas had replenished their ammunition dumps, concealed in the for-

ests, and had filled their fuel tanks.

At first, the Germans refused to dignify these sorties by anything more than the military cliché of "mopping-up operations." Then, as the replenished guerilla army was able to strike harder, the Nazis were forced to admit that the resistance they had previously minimized was considerable after all. Finally, they resorted to gruesome mass executions of civilians. In certain areas, the entire Serb population was literally wiped out. This happened in Banja-Luka and other towns in Bosnia. The survivors fled to the mountains where they could enjoy the protection of the *chetniks*. Villages everywhere in Yugoslavia were sacked and uncounted hostages were shot, but the guerilla army responded only by renewed pressure on the harassed Nazis. A Yugoslav officer remarked to me: "The Germans are as powerless to stop guerilla activity as bullets are to stop a flood. They deal with a social avalanche as if it were just a military problem. Here and there they succeed in wiping out a detachment, but as long as we have the population to draw on, we will not lack recruits."

Chetnik soldiers have learned the new guerilla tactics rapidly. The Yugoslav, especially the Serb, is a

ferocious fighter possessed of more daring, perhaps, than cunning. It was necessary for his guerilla officers to emphasize restraint and to teach him that the resources and lives of the Yugoslav forces were to be utilized with the greatest economy. A brave dash into a German-held village for the purpose of killing a few Nazis was less important, the *chetnik* learned, than the strategic severance of a railroad line or the blocking of a highway. He learned to use new weapons — the blowtorch and the stick of dynamite, the improvised grenade and the bottle of gasoline. He found out how the monkey-wrench and crowbar could be used on railroad tracks to immobilize traffic for many hours; an immediate consequence was the repeated severance of the key Belgrade-Nish line in eastern Yugoslavia. The exasperated German command found that if it increased garrisons in one place, the damage would take place in another. The intelligence service of the Yugoslavs, enlisting tens of thousands among the civilian population, always discovered the weakest link in the Nazi guard system and the guerillas struck there. In Bosnia, the Lastva-Bileć and the Ristriku-Ustiprača lines are now regularly cut, although the Nazis have taken

exaggerated precautions to forestall raids.

Life for the Nazi soldier of occupation is today that of one who is constantly in the presence of sudden death. Not all the mountain roads can be patrolled and the Yugoslavs, who know the country intimately, are able to strike at widely separated points in a short period of time. Mountain snipers fire light artillery capable of destroying trucks and small tanks. *Chetnik* scouts cover Nazi movements with the most modern field radio equipment. Radio senders in Belgrade indicate Nazi plans to the guerillas listening in the mountains. German soldiers are seized from outposts and carried off into the hills; in several instances as many as fifty or even a hundred Nazi prisoners have been captured at one swoop.

The *chetniks* function also as a moral force. In the face of Nazi oppression, which is probably even more brutal in Yugoslavia than in Western Europe, these fighters keep up the spirit of the population and act as the executive arm of a shadow government which is never seen but is constantly felt. The assassinations of Nazi occupation authorities in the Balkans are not often the work of individual terrorists, working on their own. More

frequently they are executions in accordance with the verdict of guerilla juries who seek in this way to punish the perpetrators of atrocities inflicted on the population. They are acts of war, not acts of desperation. The Germans shoot or hang fifty hostages seized at random for each slain Nazi, but these reprisals have increased rather than decreased the activities of the *chetniks*.

II

The guerilla camp in the mountains is an odd combination of ancient bivouac and modern garage. Squatting troops roast goat-flesh over an open fire, but a short distance away, mechanics work over a light armored car and a soldier tinkers with his motorcycle. In the shadow of big guns, whose barrels rise out of rock clefts, the resting men play melancholy tunes on their traditional string instruments and chant the ancient balladry of their country. Formal discipline is relaxed. Horseplay goes on a few yards from the tent where the commander pores over his maps in the light of an acetylene lamp. Occasionally, he shouts, "Enough! Enough!" but the bantering goes on. There are some horses in the camp, because they are useful in

the mountainous terrain. They pluck at grass behind a wall of gasoline drums and their neighing mingles with the coughing of an engine undergoing repair.

A visitor is amazed by the laughter of women, coming from a clearing a short distance down the hill. "Oh, yes," the guide says, "that's Marya and her sister. There are some more women but they have gone to the village for bread." What do they do in a military camp? Why, he explains, they cook and they wash and where there are women the hearts of men can never die. Later, Marya appears. She is a robust, rose-cheeked peasant girl whose father and three brothers were killed in the war. She figners her dress, giggles in embarrassment and says something to the interpreter. He translates: "She says that the men of her family did not surrender and neither will the women."

A whistle sounds shrilly, calling the men to order for the evening council of war. The commander steps out. His unshaven face, with its jutting cheekbones, looks like mottled granite in the moonlight. The commander gives his orders in terse sentences. A German supply train passing through a neighboring village is to be machine-gunned and derailed. An attempt must be

made to plunder it. He smiles. The assignment will be particularly worthwhile because the train carries not only shoes and winter coats but also cigarettes and liqueurs.

A number of men are assigned to the task. They will take the armored cars and the heavy machine-guns. The commander says further that a Nazi ammunition cache has been located at Y, but the ammunition is too large for guerilla equipment so there is no point in seizing it. Instead, it is to be dynamited. Three men are detailed to meet the scouts who know how to do this job. There is one more order issued and it calls for a single volunteer. A Nazi officer responsible for the execution of several Serb women accused of acting as spies for the guerillas must pay with his life for the atrocity. Everybody volunteers. The commander waves his hand, selects a man. With that, the meeting is over. The commander and the chosen volunteer retire to plan the assassination and the men resume their singing. Mechanics go back to their machines.

An hour later, from the tent of the commander, comes the sound of Big Ben in London. An excellent receiver supplies this outpost at what might be the end of the world with news bulletins from outside. The singing stops again

while the soldiers listen and then there is an hour of hectic discussion about the Russian campaign, illustrated by crude designs carved with a stick in the solid turf near the fire. Here, in the lap of the invaders, the guerillas keep well informed of what is going on in the outside world. The commander discusses Roosevelt's speeches, the Atlantic Charter and America's participation in the war. He reads English and to prove a point, he snatches an ancient copy of an American magazine from a pile in the corner and cites something from it. He asks the visitor for information about Harry Hopkins.

This is the life of Yugoslavia's *chetnik* army, which the Nazis and the rest of the world have learned to respect. Their continued, in-

creasing and indomitable resistance in a country presumably conquered has won the serious attention of the makers of Allied strategy. Guerilla needs are considered and it is foreseen by some that the *chetniks* may be the outposts of that European army, as yet uncrystallized, which will one day defeat Hitler. They may even be considered the skeleton framework around which that army will function.

Whatever happens, the story of the guerilla fighters will rank with the saga of *blitzkrieg* as one of the great military surprises of the second world war. It is a centuries-old activity re-created as a new tactical development, the full effectiveness of which has not yet been measured.



POINT

BY DANIEL SMYTHE

I AM thinking of how the land throws a long arm into the water,
That catches the lap of waves, that pushes the surf with its palms.
And the long boats riding in where the waves shift like a new air
Are caught by the land, are held quivering on the edges.
The water is like a sleeve on this arm and elbow of land,
And the boats are trembling on its hem, clinging to the point of it.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

A Story

BY ISABEL CURRIER

HENRY was slumped in his favorite rocker in the south window of the kitchen, staring moodily beyond the unlighted pipe which his clenched hand held in his mouth. The callboy rounded the corner of the house on his bicycle and clutched a newel post beside the open door with the crook of his elbow.

"Henry up?" Buddy Jackson called to Laura, who was frying doughnuts at the range opposite the door. "Five-forty to Montreal."

Henry was intent upon blankness.

"Five-forty," Laura repeated. Her voice was casual in an effort to suppress her excitement. "Want a doughnut, Buddy?"

"Gee, thanks, Mis' Elmann. I don't mind." Buddy hurled his lanky young frame from the bicycle and through the door in one motion. He impaled three doughnuts on a dirty index finger. A fourth orange-brown circle rushed to his mouth and emerged as a crescent.

"Guess it feels pretty good to know you won't be workin' any more, Henry," he babbled to the silent man at the window. "Wisht I could live on a pension."

Henry didn't look at him but the set lines of his face tightened a little more. Buddy plunged into speech again like a bull in a china shop.

"Corcoran's firin' for you. Pete laid off. Said he'd fired his first run for you and damned if he could fire your last run."

He paused expectantly.

Laura was startled at the distaste on Henry's face when he looked at Buddy. He'd always liked the boy. She watched him make an effort.

"Why'n't you have a doughnut?" he asked Buddy. The banter fell flat. Buddy turned toward him in surprise and embarrassment.

"Put some in your pockets, Buddy," Laura urged quickly.

Henry's second effort was successful. He grinned at the boy, who winked and took a fifth doughnut.

"If 'twouldn't spoil my supper I'd eat a dozen."

Laura smiled as he leaped from the door to his bicycle and coasted like a streak down the sloping bank of the lawn.

"The young scamp!" The indulgence in her voice sprang from relief. Buddy hadn't blurted the news of the surprise party to Henry. "He's worn a path down there since we had the telephone out."

"Might have been cheaper to keep the phone than to resod the banking," Henry said. He got up slowly to compare his huge, old-fashioned railroad watch with the clock on the kitchen mantel.

"I miss the phone." Laura was wistful. She glanced at Henry and quickly changed what she was about to say. "Do you want a hearty dinner?"

"Eh?" Henry turned the startled face of the absent-minded away from the clock, then answered before she could repeat her question. "No, I'm not very hungry. I might take a doughnut."

"You eat too much sweet stuff. It isn't good. . . ." She stopped her speech again before she said "at your age." Instead, she crossed the kitchen to Henry and kissed him, her arms around his neck.

"Hey! What's all this?"

"Tomorrow's your birthday. I'll

have your cake made when you come home."

He pushed her away.

"Birthdays don't mean anything." He went quickly out to the summer kitchen where he kept his overalls.

Laura had his dinner pail packed when he returned to the corner where he always donned his heavy work shoes. Meat and potatoes, flaunting his lack of appetite, were frying on the stove. While he ate, forgetful of his lack of hunger, she sat with him and sipped tea. She helped him pull his mackinaw over the thick vest and wool sweater that he always wore. When he began groping in his pockets, she fetched the pipe he had been smoking from the window sill. He took it absently and began to fill it from a tobacco pouch. She felt of his breast pocket through the mackinaw to see if his glasses' case was there. He picked up his dinner pail and moved to the door. She followed, waiting for his kiss. Something in her tense awareness of the familiar routine struck him. He turned, looked startled again, and hugged her convulsively. She looked into the pain of his eyes but he averted them quickly and went out.

As she had done for forty years, Laura stood in the window and

watched him go down the hill: a shapelessly overdressed working man with a tired step. He hesitated on the brow of the hill. Before he had turned to face the house again she was at the kitchen door and onto the walk to see what he had forgotten. He shouted from the street.

"Know what I did with my heavy gloves?"

She darted to the back room and found them on the shelf where he always kept them. Then she ran with them down the banking where Buddy had gone on his bicycle, looking like a slender young girl instead of a woman of sixty as she sprinted.

"I'm going to get the mail," she said, as she handed him the gloves. "If there's a letter from any of the children, I'll bring it over."

He didn't answer.

II

Henry's train, a long freight, was made up near the roundhouse when Laura hurried across The Flat to the postoffice. John's scholarly script stared at her through the glass while she twirled the dial of their combination lock-box: "Mr. Henry Elmann, Christian Hill, Vermont." Young Henry's writing sprawled on a manila en-

velope, the mister spelled out. Mary's envelope was typewritten. There was a postcard to Laura from Mary.

"Get some pictures of Dad on his last run, Mother. Hope he doesn't take it too hard."

Laura glanced smilingly at the box camera in her hand.

"You look pretty happy, Mis' Elmann!"

Ed Dawson matched his booming voice. He was a robust man with ruddy cheeks.

"I'm tickled because I remembered to get a film for my camera, Mr. Dawson, and here's a postal from Mary asking me to take her father's picture."

"He going out on his last run now?"

"Five-forty."

"Think he'll suspect anything about his reception if I go over to the engine with you?"

"He doesn't suspect a thing. He feels kind of blue."

"Bound to." Dawson's hand on Laura's elbow steered her across The Flat. "I felt terrible when I was retired."

Laura looked appraisingly at him, remembering that this vital-looking man had been retired five years ago and must be seventy. Dawson's neat business suit looked prosperous. Laura thought happily

that it would be nice for Henry to wear street clothes all the time. They could go to socials and things together the way Dawson and his wife did.

"Yes, sir," Dawson said, as they began to step over the endless rails. "I'd have gone crazy without the store to fall back on."

"Henry's going to garden," Laura said, defensively.

"Yes, he was telling me. But he can't garden 'til spring. The winter'll be long for a man used to being active."

"The Browns are going to Florida," Laura began.

"Brown's a lucky cuss. Always banked in Canada so our bank failures didn't get him. Then he shifted to these banks before the war. Guess he doesn't care that the Brotherhood pension fund went with the banks."

Laura was silent, remembering Henry's warnings that they would have to learn to live in strictest economy. His pension would be seventy dollars a month. She hadn't thought about it much. She'd been busy scheming to get Henry interested in Florida, as if it were his own idea. Walking beside Dawson up the cindered space between the tracks, Laura felt vaguely uneasy. Henry was visible through the mist of steam and the

gathering dusk. He was bent over the rods of the huge locomotive, an oil can in his hand. The other hand rested against the steel almost lovingly, like a pigmy patting a smoke-spitting giant.

"Brought a girl to visit you, Hank," Dawson shouted.

As Henry straightened up to watch them approach, Laura felt that he wished they hadn't come.

"The children all wrote to you," she said, handing him the letters.

Dawson climbed up into the cab like a boy, looked at the pressure gauge and began to discuss it with the fireman. Henry put his oil can on the ground, took off his greasy gloves and tossed them onto the cinders. He opened John's letter and leaned against the cab step to read it. Laura moved away, looking fearfully up and down for an on-coming train, to focus the camera at him as he read. She couldn't see through the finder very well but she snapped the lever. Henry folded the letter and handed it to her without looking up. Laura took another picture while he read Mary's letter. It was almost too dark for a snapshot of young Henry's birthday-retirement letter being read, but she took it anyway. Stooping for his gloves and oil can, Henry gathered them into one

hand and gave the last letter to Laura. His eyes were ravaged.

"Henry. . . ."

"What?"

"Are you . . . are you dressed warm enough?"

"Course I'm dressed warm enough." He tried to grin. "Young Henry's blown his wages on a couple of hours of stunt flying."

"Oh. . . ."

Dawson climbed down from the cab.

"Guess we better go over to the station, Mis' Elmann. Pullin' out right away, ain't you, Hank?"

Henry consulted his watch.

"Seven minutes."

Dawson stuck out his hand and wrung Henry's.

"Full steam ahead, old timer!" He cleared his throat noisily and turned away.

Laura was aware of the fireman leaning curiously out of the cab.

"Well, see you Thursday. . . ."

A shuffling old man in unpressed clothes, reeking of alcohol, came to where she and Dawson stood on the station platform. He lifted a battered cap.

"How are you, Mr. Craig?" Laura inquired.

"Elmann's just pullin' out, Phil," Dawson said.

"Last run, eh? Well, we all come to it. I did — a year ago last June."

Laura studied him, comparing him with Dawson who was fully three years older. Craig had not had another occupation to turn to in retirement; he'd been a good engineer and an upstanding, sober citizen. It was only during the past year that he had become drunken, lost, pathetic. She looked back at Dawson for comfort.

The yardmaster joined them.

"How do, Mis' Elmann. I've got the Legion Band for Henry's reception Thursday."

"Oh!" Laura flushed with pleasure. "He'll be so surprised and tickled. He thinks he's just sliding out without anybody noticing."

"Darn good engineer," Murphy, the yardmaster, mused. "Awful clean record."

"Did a lot for the Safety First Committee." Craig spat reflectively. "God! The lickin's we took before the 16-hour labor limit!"

"Henry fired for 29 hours once without rest in the winter of 1904," Laura said.

"Henry should have pushed himself more," Dawson contributed. "After the work he did for Safety First, another man would have got himself into a nice, soft job as traveling engineer."

"He liked fast freight," Craig rubbed his chin, "same as all of us."

"You sound as if you were at a funeral," Laura said sharply.

"Well, this ain't no christenin', Mis' Elmann," Craig retorted.

"He's pulling out!" the yardmaster exclaimed.

III

The three aging men and the elderly woman looked across the tracks to where Henry's locomotive, with its chain of fast freight behind it, began to move slowly up the yard. A lump came into Laura's throat and she swallowed it. As the locomotive came abreast of the station, Henry's head was visible in the cab window. His face was distorted in a set grimace and his shoulders were stiff.

Dawson cupped his hands: "Boom along, Hank! Block's set for a poker game!"

"Clear track ahead, Elmann!" That was the yardmaster. Craig was silent, biting his lower lip.

Henry did not turn his head. The highball, crack freight of the division, gathered momentum, flashing the broad scope of its service before them. Laura felt the old, untraveled thrill of her girlhood as the far names on the cars moved past. . . . Great Northern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, New York Central, Canadian Pacific, Penn-

sylvania, New York New Haven & Hartford, Delaware & Ohio, Boston & Maine, Canadian National, Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, Grand Trunk. . . . Relics of railroads long lost in their mergers with the great systems followed Henry Elmann, locomotive engineer, retiring, out of his terminal for the last time. The caboose sped by. The locomotive screamed, far up the yard, for the semaphore. . . . Awaaaaaaaay, Awaaaaaaaay, 'Way, 'Way.

"Forty years," Laura said. She was thinking of a young man in spotless new overalls, parading with a shiny new dinner pail while she admired him. ("We'll never have anything to worry about again. . . . Wish you could see me when I give her the old throttle.") Henry was one of the heroes of transportation then. Now, young Henry was flying. . . .

"Forty years," Laura repeated. . . .

On Thursday Laura donned her good dress — the one John had given her for Christmas two years before. Henry's good suit and a white shirt were pressed and ready so that he could change for his banquet. His birthday cake, huge even with the sixty-five candles and a big one to grow on topping it, was boxed and ready to be taken to

Masonic Hall. Laura had insisted upon making it herself. She was excited and nervous. The town's people were showing how highly Henry was regarded as a citizen by the way they were turning out to note his retirement. Of course, Laura would share in the honors for Henry. She felt like a bride, about to be sent off to a new life. In order to keep busy, she began to write letters to the children, recounting the festivities for their father. She would finish the letters next day, describing Henry's reaction to the surprise party and giving a digest of the speeches.

Buddy Jackson came to tell her that the highball was due in at four-thirty. It was four o'clock when Laura reached the station. A sizable crowd of people already was there. The Legion Band was tuning up its instruments. Dawson and the yardmaster hurried to Laura. Both of them looked worried.

"There's a little hitch, Mis' Elmann," the yardmaster began. "Henry's deadheading in."

Laura's heart jumped sickeningly.

"Deadheading? Is he hurt?"

"No." The yardmaster cleared his throat. "His birthday was yesterday."

"I know it. What. . . ."

"He was sixty-five yesterday,"

Murphy hurried on. "That means his retirement's effective from yesterday."

"But it's his own train and this is his own terminal." Laura felt numb. "Why can't he bring his train in?"

"It's the retirement law."

Craig had shuffled into the little group. He spat viciously.

"Railroad giving him a birthday present. Giving him a ride for his birthday so he'll feel good and happy."

Laura's gray head was lifted before the eyes of curious townspeople; her dark eyes flashed above the set line of her lips. Craig grumbled for her.

"He could take his train into Montreal all right yesterday, but he's too senile today. A wonder they wouldn't deadhead him in on the express!"

"He wanted to ride his own train," Dawson said soothingly. "Too bad his schedule happened this way, Mis' Elmann."

"It won't interfere with our little welcome," Murphy broke in. "We'll just greet him at the caboose instead of at the engine."

"You can't greet a head end man at a caboose!" Craig snorted.

A group of railroad men's wives surrounded Laura, clucking with indignation at the inelastic laws of

industry. They calmed her own helpless anger, but the greater half of her mind was with Henry, in the train that had just entered the yard boundaries. Out of her forty years as a railroad wife she was seeing, with sick clarity, the sort of homecoming he must be enduring.

The conductor and brakeman, clumsy with good will, must have tried to entertain him all the way from Montreal. A quiet man like Henry minded such things terribly. Henry had often told Laura how the driving wheels of a train beat rhythmic phrases to fit his thoughts. They were accusing him now, she felt. . . . "Sixty-five, sixty-five". . . . And the voice of his life's work screamed to him, as it always had done, with the whistle. . . . "Awaaaaaaaaaaaaay, Awaaaaaaaaaaaaay!" He was tired, she thought irrelevantly, almost as if he were talking to her and she was soothing him. He needed a good, long rest.

The locomotive came into sight down track two. The people on the platform were silent, all wishing that Henry Elmann were taking her in himself. It had been Elmann's highball, Elmann's locomotive, for nine years. Engine twenty-six was a joke among railroad men; only Elmann could handle her: too quick to pressure, like a skittish

horse, until a man got the feel of her. The relief engineer was yanking her to a stop at this moment. Henry had said a thousand times that you didn't have to yank that locomotive.

Laura closed her eyes as the locomotive passed the station. She opened them to see Henry on the step of the caboose, dinner pail in hand, waiting to get off as the train stopped. Laura could tell, by the droop of his shoulders, that he was tired and discouraged and sick at heart and wanted to get home.

Dawson lifted his cap and shouted. "Come on, folks, three cheers for Henry Elmann!"

The cheers rose. Craning her neck, Laura saw that Henry didn't seem to hear. He stepped to the platform and, turning his back to the shining rails, started running away from them. The yard engineer blew the whistle of his locomotive sharply, to call Henry back. It was as if a locomotive whistle never had had the power to call his attention. He was running awkwardly, grotesquely, with his head bent and one hand up to his cap, as if there was something behind him that was beating him at every step.

The people on the platform called to him at first, then they let him go. The Legion Band played "Casey Jones," but nobody listened.

► *Policewomen prove their value
as crime fighters in a big city.*

DETROIT'S LADY COPS

BY KARL DETZER

A TRIM young woman waited watchfully outside a dilapidated house in one of the toughest sections of Detroit's sprawling, brawling industrial district. It was suspected that young girls were being held in this house for immoral purposes.

Presently a man came out. Big, tough, burly, he could have played the muscle-man in a Hollywood shocker without make-up. The young woman went up to him.

"Come with me," she said. The man could easily have tossed her across the street. Puzzled and undecided, he followed her to her car — a police car.

"Get in," she said. The man protested.

"Get in," said the girl. He got in. Twenty minutes later, at police headquarters, the girl found she had a prize catch — a panderer whom federal officers had been hunting for months. In court — where previous crimes increased his sentence to twenty years — the judge, surprised that one slim girl had bagged so desperate a charac-

ter, asked whether she had coerced the prisoner with a gun.

"I didn't have my pistol with me," she explained. "I used psychology."

"Psychology" in this case meant poise, confidence of authority, and a tone of voice that meant business. For this young woman, in her middle twenties, was one of Detroit's smart, well-educated, thoroughly trained young ladies of the law. She got her job by a stiff competitive examination in sociology, psychology and penology, spent her first two months on the force in the Police Department rookie school, learned ju-jitsu, the fundamentals of the laws of evidence; police procedure and identification methods. She could talk like a society matron or a Marine sergeant as occasion demanded and she knew how to throw a 200-pound man on his ear. She was, moreover, a crack shot.

The modern policewoman bears about the same relation to the old-fashioned burly, lantern-jawed, middle-aged police matron as an

up-to-date G-man does to a Keystone cop. Half the policewomen on the Detroit force — and Detroit was the first city to make real use of women in police work — are under 30, half hold college degrees, four out of five have had some college education. Six are registered nurses, two are members of the bar. New applicants must be between twenty-two and twenty-eight, weigh at least 120 pounds, stand not less than five feet, two inches. They must have at least two years' experience in social work, and although no diploma is required it would be a remarkable woman who could pass the entrance tests without some college training.

But a job like this takes more than training. It takes guts. For these young women — attractive, refined, thoroughly feminine and usually unarmed — go into the toughest crime-beds of Detroit's roughest industrial areas, and do a job. Their principal duty is to protect boys under ten and girls under twenty-one from exploiters, sex-criminals, perverts, "white slavers," from immoral influences and depraved surroundings, and from their own youthful folly. They are not a vice squad, however, and concern themselves only with such immorality as might harm or influence youth. Last year their fifty-

four members investigated 11,900 cases.

The Detroit policewomen's division, established twenty-two years ago, is a separate force under its own woman deputy-commissioner. Politics was banned from it at the start by the watchful women's organizations responsible for creating the division, and since then by Detroit's plain people, who would rebel if politicians tried to take over. In a department scarred by recurrent scandals, no woman member has ever been charged with graft or crime.

Because it always has demanded education and training rather than mere brawn as a requisite for membership, the division has long been a model for other alert cities.

The use of "psychology" worked, in the case of the burly panderer. But when it fails, the policewoman has other resources to fall back on. Two young policewomen last winter went to a Negro tenement where a mother had reported "I can't do nothing with my girl." Frightened lodgers pointed at a closed door but warned them not to enter. They went in, however, and found a young colored woman fifty pounds heavier than either of them, and violently insane.

At sight of them she went berserk, attacking them with a pair of

shears. Her wild screams sent neighbors to the telephone and headquarters heard that "the police ladies is gettin' cut to bits."

Scout cars arrived three minutes later to find the policewomen calmly putting the girl into their car. One girl was badly slashed by the shears, which were now safe in her own handbag, but the prisoner was unhurt. It had taken one minute of ju-jitsu to subdue her, a minute of psychology to calm her, another minute to march her to the car.

Not all of a policewoman's time is spent in such violent episodes. Perhaps half of it she employs inspecting taxi-dance halls, "swing bowls," soft drink places where youngsters congregate, amusement parks, women's rooms of railroad stations, cheap theaters, low-grade hotels. Each night patrols visit dozens of beer gardens, watching for drinking juveniles.

II

Day and night the division hunts for missing girls. Many of these are Hollywood-bound runaways with pitifully few dollars in their purses. Others are out for adventure with "boy friends"; some are merely seeking escape from the humdrum of miserable homes or from parental discipline. Such girls sometimes

seek jobs in taxi-dance halls, and these unsavory places must be inspected to make sure no minors are employed, in violation of the law. Many of them sit half the night in shoddy beer gardens, or in motion picture "grind houses" where hoboes sleep. In any case, for their own safety, they must be apprehended quickly.

Youngest member of the division — she's twenty-four — is a tiny girl who can, with a touch here and there, look like a high school pupil. Last year, while hunting the source of marijuana that was finding its way into a certain school, she braided her hair and put on schoolgirl clothes; unsuspected by the children, she attended classes, skipped school with the truants and studied their activities, companions and hangouts.

When she had obtained the information she wanted, squads of police raided several soft-drink places, locked up several hangers-on, and marijuana in that neighborhood ceased to be a juvenile menace.

Policewomen insist that even the most intelligent male officer could not do their jobs as well as they.

"Men are too gullible," they say. "A pretty girl needs only get a soulful expression in her eyes and tell a sad story to make most men

believe her. No man can judge a girl's age. We women have learned not to look at faces but at hands. No matter what sort of face she has, her hands still tell her age. When a policeman goes into a beer garden or taxi-dance hall, a delinquent girl often jumps up and heads for the ladies' room. He can't follow her there, but we girls can."

Young children who are victims of sex crimes usually refuse to talk to a male investigator, but a skillful woman not only gains the confidence of the victims, but can tell intuitively whether or not a child is telling the truth.

Constant dealing with the seamy side of crime has not deprived these policegirls of the soft, motherly, feminine touch. As a matter of fact, some of their most effective work stems from these very qualities. A gang of small white and Negro boys met one day last year on a vacant lot and began to hack down a row of trees. Angry neighbors, who recognized them as young truants, window-breakers and petty thieves, called the police. They were disappointed when instead of a scout car or patrol wagon, a pleasant young woman arrived.

"I'm from the police department," she told the young hoodlums. "Let's talk it over."

She could have arrested them or

chased them off with a warning, neither of which would have helped the boys or the neighborhood permanently. So she sat down with them and had a talk. She didn't talk tough and she didn't talk goody-goody, just asked plainly why they were cutting trees and got a plain answer.

"We was makin' a left field," they explained. "We want to play ball here and the trees was in our way."

Because there was nothing malicious in their chopping, the police-woman took them to interview the owner of the lot, convinced him that ball players were less trouble than idle boys, got permission for them to fell the rest of the trees and level the land. With nickels and dimes contributed by other policewomen and by men from the precinct station, she bought baseball equipment and carried a challenge from her young axmen to another juvenile gang with time on its dirty hands.

Result: No arrests, no convictions, nobody in jail, nobody with a "record" to carry through life. After thirteen months, no member of either gang has been in court on any charge. For the two gangs became two ball teams with less time for mischief and bad boys became reasonably law-abiding boys.

This young woman officer, had done a police job and a social service job. Where the two overlapped, they became what Detroit calls policewoman's work.

Detroit's policewomen work an eight-hour shift, six days or nights a week. Night patrol, in pairs, is the most exciting assignment. One tour is from seven o'clock to three, another is from midnight to eight in the morning.

III

An evening's ride with an early night patrol gives a clear picture of policewomen's work. We meet at headquarters at seven. Our two policegirls are ready to start—flashlights tested, handbags stuffed with leather billies, patrol box keys, lipstick, violation blanks, police whistles, gold badges, dainty handkerchiefs. Both are university graduates and have been three years in the department; one is twenty-six years old, one twenty-five. Neither carries a revolver, although some members of the division always go armed.

As we leave, a report comes by telephone, describing a seventeen-year-old girl who has run away from home in Toledo to hunt a job as a Detroit taxi-dancer. Our policegirls write down the description,

repeating it aloud to impress it on their memories. Then we leave in one of the three plainclothes cars that are starting out to cover the city. Our district is the west side and part of the downtown area, but emergencies probably will send us to other parts of town before morning.

We duck through the confusion of downtown streets into a disreputable west-side region. Stopping beside a crowd of idlers watching a small boy play the fiddle while a mongrel dog dances on the sidewalk, we take boy and dog to headquarters. There the nine-year-old states that he supports his mother and a man he calls "uncle Jim" by fiddling in beer gardens and on the streets every night.

"Uncle Jim licks me if I don't bring home enough money," he adds. Preventing child exploitation is policewomen's work, so we start home with Bobby. We must make a temporary adjustment of the case tonight, leaving the problem of the boy's future for day investigators and social service workers to decide. On the way to the shack where Bobby lives, we pass through a dark, unwholesome neighborhood.

"Car following us," one policewoman says and we stop. The car behind us halts, too.

A hearty voice sings out, "Evenin', gals. We see you headin' this way and think maybe we can give you a hand."

It's a scout car from the precinct. The officers in it, like most of the 3600 men on the force, are ready to help. Their attitude is respectful, almost fraternal. They follow us to Bobby's home, stand by to lend aid if needed, but do not interfere.

The boy's mother and "Uncle Jim," slightly drunk, are at first inclined to be belligerent. They readily admit their "common law" relationship. In five minutes, one of our girls, talking like a Dutch uncle, scares the pair into submissiveness. They give us the facts we need to prosecute the case and at 8:30 we return to our patrol.

Twice we see girls who resemble the Toledo runaway. In identifying themselves, they show no resentment at being questioned — a proof of the policegirls' tact. At nine o'clock, we report to headquarters from a corner patrol signal box. It is so high that the girls have to stand on the running board to reach the mouthpiece.

One of them tells the desk sergeant: "Brown and Jones, corner Twelfth and Bagley." Policewomen use their last names only. We get two new items. One policegirl holds the flashlight while the other writes

out the description of another runaway girl, and makes note of an emergency at an apartment house.

By the time we reach the apartment a scout car and ambulance have arrived. The men from the scout car gladly turn over the case to us. Three small children, locked up alone by parents gone to the movies, are the trouble. One, a three-year-old, has cut off two toes by dropping a broken mirror on them. We bundle her off to the hospital. Questioning the other children, we find that they often are left alone, that the parents are alcoholics and unfit guardians. It's another case for day investigators.

At ten o'clock we stop at a "swing bowl." The small dance floor is ringed with booths, in one of which sits a girl with a middle-aged man. To the policewomen, the girl insists that she is twenty-one, but the ladies of the law examine her hands and invite her outside. Within five minutes we have the truth: the girl is fifteen, her companion thirty-five and married; they have been living together. She goes to the detention home, he to jail for contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

On the way to Michigan avenue, we stop at two beer gardens. In one of them, a filthy place patronized by the scum of many nations,

we find one of our runaway girls drinking with a seventeen-year-old "boy friend." The proprietor screams at them, claiming that they falsified their ages. But we take the girl and boy to headquarters to await their parents. As we start out again, the desk sergeant says, "An anonymous phone call just came in on that John-Smith-and-wife on Blank Street. Reported young girls. Better check it."

A "John-Smith-and-wife" is a cheap hotel whose register shows a preponderance of John Smiths and their wives, most of them from "New York City." As we enter it a man and a girl are leaving. The girl looks very young to inexperienced eyes, but the policewomen agree that she's over twenty-one.

One of the policewomen calls the clerk aside and speaks rapidly to him in a low voice.

"I always try to play ball, lady," he whines. "Here's the key to 214. Go see for yourself."

In the room we find a fourteen-year-old girl and a man. She met him at a swing bowl three days ago, she says; since then she has played truant from her school and has been with him each evening. He is surly as we march him off to jail and take the girl to the detention home.

It is eleven o'clock when we

reach the taxi-dance halls. We check birth certificates of the "hostesses," making sure that they are twenty-one, as the law requires.

It is two o'clock when we visit the all-night movie houses, malodorous places packed with vagrants. In one we find three young children, take them home, read the riot act to their parents. Returning to the same district we make two pick-ups. One is the runaway from Toledo, sitting on a bench in a small park, hungry, sleepy and discouraged. The other is a feeble-minded woman wandering the streets. We take both to headquarters, the Toledo girl to await her mother, the woman for protection till her family can be notified.

At three o'clock we return to headquarters. The girls must type their reports for day investigators who will handle the cases we have turned in.

Most large cities have similar divisions, but the Detroit division, established in 1920, was the first to function under its own chief officer, first to ban politics, first to establish rigorous qualifications.

Its ladies of the law, whether they are picking up runaways, visiting dance halls or organizing boys' baseball teams, are pioneering in a new social science.

COAL OIL JOHNNY

BY HERBERT ASBURY

THE first of America's famous playboys, and the nation's favorite symbol of prodigality for more than half a century, was a twenty-one-year-old Pennsylvanian named John Washington Steele, otherwise Coal Oil Johnny, who was probably the most talked-about character of his time; he was better known than most of the famous soldiers of the Civil War. Exaggerated accounts of his exploits appeared in the newspapers, a popular song was written about him, a cigar and a brand of soap were named in his honor, and his drinking, carousing and extravagance were the subjects of innumerable editorials and sermons in which he was held up to scorn as the world's number one horrible example. From the late autumn of 1864 to the early summer of 1865, a little less than six months, Coal Oil Johnny threw away three or four years' revenue from one of the best oil producing properties in Pennsylvania—the famous Widow McClintock farm on Oil Creek, where drilling operations

were begun soon after Edwin Laurentine Drake had completed the world's first oil well near Titusville on August 27, 1859.

Legend says that Coal Oil Johnny's spendings aggregated a million dollars; actually, not even the young spendthrift himself ever knew how much money had passed through his hands. But it is a good guess, based on available records, that he got rid of about \$300,000, though one oil region authority estimated the amount at \$500,000. In the story of his life, written forty years after his brief but lively career, Coal Oil Johnny listed expenditures of approximately \$100,000, but accounted for only about \$60,000 of income, including a considerable sum which was found in the Widow McClintock's safe after her death. John L. McLaurin, a noted oil region historian, said that the widow's hoarded wealth amounted to \$200,000, but Johnny always insisted that the safe had contained only \$24,500.

Coal Oil Johnny was born in

1843 on a farm near the village of Sheakleville, in Mercer County, Pennsylvania. His parents died when he was little more than a year old, and he and his sister, Permelia, two years his senior, were adopted into the family of Culbertson McClintock, son of one of the original settlers of Oil Creek, who owned a hundred acres of land on the west side of the stream opposite Rouseville and about four miles above Oil City. McClintock died in 1855 and left the farm to his wife during her lifetime, in trust for Johnny Steele; and in March, 1864, the widow was burned to death while trying to light a fire in her kitchen stove with crude oil. The property thus passed to Coal Oil Johnny, but since he lacked a month or two of being twenty-one, a guardian was appointed and he was kept on a modest allowance until he had attained his majority.

After he came into his inheritance, Johnny had nothing to do but "loaf around, smoke good cigars and watch my bank roll swell." While engaged in these pleasant pursuits, he became acquainted with William H. Wickham, afterward Mayor of New York, who was in the oil regions looking for investments. He offered Johnny a hundred thousand

dollars for his royalty interests in the Hammond well, but before the deal could be closed the gusher was flooded with water and quit producing. Wickham, of course, withdrew his offer, but he continued to manifest great interest in Johnny and when he returned to New York in June, 1864, the boy went along as his guest, and was lavishly entertained. "I smoked his Havana cigars, played billiards with him, drank his good wine, and feasted sumptuously," Johnny wrote. "I considered myself 'It.'" Johnny's wife and year-old child — he had married in 1862 — joined him in the metropolis, and the family proceeded to Philadelphia, where Mrs. Steele remained to consult a physician while Johnny returned to Oil Creek.

Wickham followed Johnny to the oil regions within a few weeks, and offered him a million dollars for the farm. At first Johnny refused to sell, but after considerable negotiation Wickham agreed to pay \$1,200,000 for the property. But Johnny was unable to obtain a clear title because of a suit filed by his foster-father's brother, and Wickham suggested that he rent the farm for six months at five thousand dollars a month, the entire rental to be paid in advance and to form a part of the final pur-

chase price when the litigation had been settled. Johnny accepted this offer, and for six months beginning about January 1, 1865, Wickham operated the farm as his own, selling leases and pocketing royalties which had hitherto been paid to Coal Oil Johnny. Incredibly, Johnny signed a note for the \$30,000!

When Coal Oil Johnny returned to the oil regions from New York he met Seth R. Slocum, the black sheep of "a most excellent family" of Erie, Pennsylvania, who more than any other one person was responsible for the dissipation of Johnny's fortune. A flashy dude with a little curling mustache, glib of tongue and smooth of manner, with a first-hand knowledge of high life in a dozen cities, Seth R. Slocum was a slicker who lived, and lived well, by his wits. When Coal Oil Johnny encountered him on Oil Creek he was ostensibly looking for a job; actually he was looking for a sucker, and in young Steele, already dizzied by the attention which had been paid him in New York, he found the prize sucker of the century.

The wolf in dude's clothing and the woolly lamb from Oil Creek visited Philadelphia several times during the summer of 1864, and on these trips Johnny made a few

extravagant gestures under Slocum's expert tutelage. But the boy didn't really hit his stride as a spendthrift until he had concluded the deal with Wickham and, as he thought, assured himself of more than a million dollars in less than a year. Sometime in the late autumn of 1864, Coal Oil Johnny and Seth R. Slocum settled themselves in sumptuous apartments at the Girard House, one of Philadelphia's leading hotels, and Johnny's bankroll was deposited in a private box in the hotel safe. Then the pair began their self-imposed task of awakening Philadelphia. Both were drunk within a few hours after their arrival in the city, and Johnny at least remained more or less in that condition for the next six months.

Slocum soon complained that every time he wanted money he had to ask for it, and to spare his friend this embarrassment Coal Oil Johnny generously signed a power-of-attorney which gave Slocum access to the money box and empowered him to make contracts and run up bills in Johnny's name. His first thought was to array himself and Johnny in raiment befitting their position as dashing young men about town, and to that end they visited the most expensive boot-makers, tailors, jewelers and hat-makers in Philadelphia. "The

finest of clothes adorned our persons," Johnny wrote, "diamond pins sparkled from our neckties, diamond rings glittered on our fingers, expensive gold chains encircled our necks and were attached to the most expensive watches." Most of Slocum's cronies were similarly bedecked at Johnny's expense and several attached themselves permanently to the oil prince's entourage, living high and sending all their bills to Slocum.

One of Johnny's first purchases was a carriage, which cost \$1600 and was probably the most striking vehicle ever seen in Philadelphia — it was painted a bright red, from wheel spokes to dashboard, and the doors and sides were ornamented with vivid paintings of derricks, oil tanks, and flowing wells from which spouting streams of petroleum spiralled into dollar signs. Drawn by a pair of coal black horses wearing red harness liberally studded with brass knobs, and driven by a coachman clad in red livery and brandishing a gold-mounted whip, this remarkable equipage was one of the sights of Philadelphia as it whirled through the cobbled streets with Coal Oil Johnny and members of his retinue lolling on the silken cushions. It was while thus exhibiting himself to an awed and envious citizenry

that Johnny acquired the nickname which clung to him for the rest of his life. Turning a corner on two wheels, Johnny's gaudy buggy splashed muddy water on a dignified Philadelphian. The victim of Johnny's haste and his coachman's carelessness said wrathfully:

"That must be that damned coal oil crowd!"

"Yep," said a newsboy. "That's Coal Oil Johnny and his gang."

II

When Johnny entered a barroom he proclaimed open house, and paid for all drinks served while he was on the premises. Upon leaving, he usually flung a hundred dollar bill on the bar with the remark, "Drink that up, boys." One enterprising saloon-keeper near the Girard House rang a big dinner bell as soon as Johnny appeared, and thirsty loungers came trooping in from the street in droves, while crowds of men trailed the young spendthrift for blocks in order to follow him into a saloon and guzzle free liquor. When his drunkenness reached a certain stage, it was Coal Oil Johnny's pleasure to smash silk hats with his cane, and then solemnly hand the victims of his pranks ten dollar bills with which to buy new ones. He is said to have

destroyed as many as a hundred toppers in a single day, and buying old silk hats for a few cents each and letting Johnny smash them for ten dollars became a minor but profitable racket.

Johnny also had a great liking for minstrel shows, and when a troupe managed by John W. Gaylord and M. T. Skiff, famous burnt cork performers of the period, became stranded in Philadelphia, Coal Oil Johnny bought a half interest in the business. With the money thus provided, Skiff and Gaylord engaged a company, bought new costumes, and began rehearsals, while Johnny, at his own expense, purchased \$5000 worth of billboard posters to advertise the show. "They were all the way from a one-sheet to a twenty-four-sheet in size," Gaylord said afterward, "and were the largest amount any show had ever owned." Pictures of Slocum and Coal Oil Johnny appeared in the upper right and left hand corners of the largest poster, and in the lower corners were portraits of Skiff and Gaylord. "We went on the road," said Gaylord, "did a monstrous business everywhere, turned people away, and were prosperous. Reaching Utica, New York, Johnny treated to a supper for the company which cost one thousand dollars. He then

conceived the idea of travelling by his own train, and purchased an engine, a sleeper and a baggage car. Dates for two weeks were cancelled and we went junketing, Johnny footing the bills. At Erie we had a \$500 supper, and so it went. Our dates being cancelled, Johnny insisted upon indemnifying us for the loss of time. He paid all salaries, estimated the probable business receipts upon the basis of packed houses, and paid that also to our treasurer. Oh, Johnny was a prince with his money!"

About the time that Coal Oil Johnny became interested in minstrelsy, he bought a cornet and practiced loudly and diligently, with the idea that he could learn to play the instrument well enough to make his concert debut at the opening performance of the show. But other guests of the Girard House complained of the noise, and Johnny was grievously insulted when the management of the hotel asked him to quit tootling on his horn. He decided to transfer himself and his friends to the Continental Hotel, the Girard's principal rival, and one afternoon walked into the lobby of the Continental to arrange accommodations. The clerk refused to announce him.

"I can make it worth your while," said Johnny.

The clerk sniffed disdainfully and turned his back on the young spendthrift, and Johnny tossed a twenty-dollar gold piece to a bell-boy and sent the lad for the owner of the hotel. When that personage appeared, Johnny protested that he had been ill-treated, and demanded the summary dismissal of the clerk. His request was refused, and Johnny angrily offered to buy the hotel. But the landlord couldn't sell because he was not the sole owner. "Then I'll rent it!" cried Johnny.

After considerable discussion, Coal Oil Johnny leased the Continental for one day at \$8000, in addition to which he was to pay all salaries, buy all supplies, and make good any damage that might result from his occupancy. As soon as Johnny had been installed as landlord he chased the offending clerk out of the lobby, threatening to have him arrested if he ever returned. Then Johnny put Seth Slocum behind the desk as clerk, made John Gaylord captain of the bellboys, and notified the guests that for the remainder of the day everything was on the house. A huge placard was posted in front of the hotel:

**OPEN HOUSE TODAY!
EVERYTHING FREE!
ALL ARE WELCOME!**

It was indeed, as Gaylord said afterward, a merry lark. It was about noon when Coal Oil Johnny took possession of the Continental, and within an hour half the population of Philadelphia seemed to be trying to get into the dining room and bar, while those who couldn't reach the food and drink roamed the lobby and corridors pocketing whatever caught their fancy. By early evening the downstairs floor had been stripped of virtually everything portable, half the dishes in the dining room and kitchen had been smashed, the floor of the bar was littered with empty bottles, and not a bite of food or a drop of liquor remained in the house. When Coal Oil Johnny thought he had had enough fun he turned the hotel back to the owner, who at once reinstated the odious clerk. Johnny was well-nigh frantic with rage; he had thought it part of the bargain that the clerk was not to be rehired. He tried to buy the Girard House so he could run it in opposition to the Continental, and failing in that connived with the management of the Girard to "buck" the other hotel by reducing prices. "The Continental did mighty little business as long as the arrangement lasted," said Gaylord.

This account of the most cele-

brated of all the exploits credited to Coal Oil Johnny is based largely upon the recollections of John W. Gaylord, but in his autobiography Johnny vehemently denied the story in toto. "It never happened," he declared. "I never bought a hotel for a day, minute or second. I never stayed in the Continental Hotel but one night, and no such scene ever occurred during my sojourn in Philadelphia."

III

Coal Oil Johnny's private money box at the Girard House was almost empty by the late spring of 1865, but he seemed little worried by the fact that virtually all of his fortune had been dissipated; he still believed that he would receive more than a million dollars from William H. Wickham early in July, and so he continued his wild spending spree, borrowing wherever he could, pawning his diamonds, and running up huge bills at his hotel and at various stores. But Wickham never paid him another cent. At the expiration of the six months' rental period the New Yorker notified Coal Oil Johnny that the farm had not produced sufficient oil to justify purchase, and refused to complete the deal. He not only turned the property back to

Johnny, but contended that the \$30,000 which he had paid as rent had in reality been a loan, and he entered Johnny's note as a legitimate claim and secured a court judgment for the amount. Then Johnny's troubles began in earnest. Creditors besieged him from all sides, and the human leeches who had lived upon his bounty deserted him one by one, taking with them the jewelry and finery for which Johnny had paid. Seth Slocum, however, was determined to hang on until the last nickel had been spent, but Johnny finally got rid of him by giving him two notes totalling \$5000. "He thought he might get something for them," Johnny wrote, "and he did, for he sold the notes and they were afterward entered against what was left of my property. . . . He died in about two years after I parted from him."

Coal Oil Johnny attempted for a few months to operate his farm, and did his feeble best to stave off bankruptcy and put his affairs in order. But the claims filed against him, and the judgments secured against his property, aggregated more than a hundred thousand dollars. Early in 1866, he finally gave up and turned everything he possessed over to his wife, and with a few hundred dollars in

his pockets left the oil regions. Mrs. Steele sold the farm to a company which agreed to pay her \$20,000 but actually never paid more than a third of that amount. In December, 1866, the property was seized by the Federal government and sold to satisfy a tax claim of \$11,600.

Meanwhile, Coal Oil Johnny was wandering about the country looking for work. But he found that his reputation had preceded him. Everyone wanted to see and talk to him, and even buy him drinks, but no one was willing to give him a job. In the late summer of 1866, he arrived in Kansas City to find the billboards of the town plastered with posters advertising the Skiff & Gaylord minstrel show, the same posters for which he had paid more than a year before in Philadelphia. He called upon his old partners, and they "expressed genuine sympathy, the first I had listened to since the collapse." Skiff said: "Johnny, you've been a good friend to us. Come along and travel with the show."

For more than a year Johnny was a member of the minstrel troupe. He sold tickets, marched in the parade, and was advertised as a principal attraction, for which he received board and lodging. He had left Oil Creek without saying good-

bye to his family, and had no news of his wife and son until the late fall of 1867, when he received a letter from Mrs. Steele. It contained no reproaches. It said, simply, "Johnny, please come home."

So Coal Oil Johnny, because of the loyalty and understanding of his wife, didn't end in the gutter. He went home and for several months lived quietly at the home of his wife's father near Dempseytown. In the spring of 1868, he removed with his family to Franklin, bought a pair of horses and a wagon and "went to teaming." He joined the church, quit drinking, gave up tobacco and profanity, and for the remainder of his life was a good citizen and a frugal and industrious man. He migrated to the middle west in 1873, and for many years worked for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad at various towns in Nebraska. He died at Fort Crook, Nebraska, on December 31, 1920.

The Widow McClintock farm has passed through many hands since it was made famous by the exploits of young Johnny Steele. Today, eighty-one years after the first well was bored on the tract, it is still producing petroleum. But certainly not in sufficient quantities to finance another Coal Oil Johnny.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Inspiration of the Current Drama

THE test of a play lies in the relative obedience to it of its auditor's cerebrum. If his thoughts, with nary a deviation, remain on the play, it is a good one. If they occasionally veer, however slightly, in another direction, it is at best only a middling one. If they scamper off in all directions, put it down for a weasel. In the presence of the recent drama, they most often have scampered off in all directions.

Many of such aberrant thoughts could, of course, be of little interest to the reader, since they waywardly concern themselves with such wholly extrinsic and possibly trivial things as the contour of the ears of the mavourneen sitting in front of one, the quality of the tournedos Robespierre one had for dinner and the anticipation of the sweetbreads Richelieu one will have for supper, and speculations on the colloquies of the immortal souls of Robert W. Chambers and Paul Elmer More in Heaven. But there are others, of no overpowering value but of some relevance, that perhaps may be publicized at

not too great a loss of critical face. So here goes.

On the occasion of Clifford Odets' antiquated and childish literal sex triangle play, *Clash By Night*, the rebellious attention wandered afield into reflections on the author's almost comical immaturity. Although he postures as a fellow with a sardonic sense of humor and a cosmic sophistication, particularly when it comes to sex matters, he writes like the kind of man who sentimentally surrenders himself to a soft feminine voice over the telephone, a pretty photograph, or a good letter. He fascinates a discontented wife in sordid surroundings by causing a potential lover, like potential lovers in past showshop wares without end, to give her a present of a pink silk nightgown. It's always a pink one. I am waiting, I thought, for a play in which the lover will come in with a green silk one and the wife will derisively laugh him right out of her life.

In his last act, laid in a movie projection booth the while they are

showing Katharine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story* on the screen, the husband of his stale, cheating wife chokes her lover to death. In a witty French play, I brownstudied, the husband would take one look at Katharine, especially in the scene where she appears with hardly any clothes on, would vouchsafe himself a long, gratified whistle, and would, with an elaborate pretense of defeat and magnanimity, promptly hand over his wife to the loafer. What is more, the thought ran, Odets generally writes as if he had known too many women or none at all and such men are ever amateurs on the subject.

At a tedious folk play about Norwegians in the wastes of Minnesota — *The First Crocus*, by Arnold Sundgaard — your auditor's reveries kept straying to the kind of folk play he would suggest to some aspiring young playwright. Inasmuch as most such plays are little more than forced talkie versions of the silent pictures in eccentric family albums and rely for their audience interest upon mere strange accents, outlandish clothes, absence of razors, and basically familiar plots, it might, he mused, be an available satirical notion to derive a folk play from a group of average, orthodox, every-day Americans seen through the critical eyes of

the central figure in some such alien folk play as Sundgaard's. In other words, a whimsical study of and commentary on the peculiarities of homo Americanus and his habitat by some Norwegian, Scot, or any other such usual folk-play protagonist in his midst.

II

At Patterson Greene's heavily fabricated and equally tedious folk play about the Pennsylvania Dutch, *Papa Is All*, the thought repeated itself. And, on its heels, trickled forth a repertoire of further excogitations.

First, I brooded, even a good folk play loses much of its reality because of the all too painfully obvious rouge and greasepaint makeup on the actors. When you are asked to accept as authentic Mennonites or authentic Norwegians (most of whom, by the text, haven't had a bath for a week) actors who, for all their dowdy dress, are as neatly and prettily pinked of face as the characters in *The School for Scandal* or a Noel Coward play — when you are asked any such thing, you are asked a mouthful.

Secondly, the rumination ran, here I observe an audience, including a number of my critical col-

leagues, apparently enjoying no end a comedy scene in which intolerable Papa, after being conked on the head by son Jake, is announced to be dead and in which the news is received with droll placidity by his long-browbeaten wife. This scene, I meditated, is an almost exact duplicate in essence of the one in Saroyan's *Love's Old Sweet Song*, which got a chilly reception from this selfsame Theatre Guild audience and these selfsame critics.

Thirdly and nevertheless, it occurred to my remarkable brainpan, why is there always so great an insistence upon originality in plays? Very few of the best and finest plays in the history of drama can boast any real originality. Many of the cheapest, on the other hand, can. For example, in this latter regard, consider such as *Trick for Trick*, *The Battle Cry*, *Ladies of the Jury*, etc., etc.

Fourthly, sallied the thought, why don't playwrights realize that it is an audience's foregone conclusion that a character who threateningly pulls a revolver on another standing close to him — as in this play — will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, not pull the trigger? You can't any longer get suspense with that racket. The audiences know differently from long experience. A character rarely

really shoots another unless some stage distance separates them. Maybe it's because even blank cartridges at short distance are rather dangerous.

Fifthly, I remarked to myself, when villains in drama, as also in this one, wield a whip upon those they would chastise, why don't they lash them a little more realistically and not fake the business by crashing the whip to one side either against a door, a table, or the floor? In all kinds of playgoing there was only one time I recall when a whipper actually did any convincing whipping and that was in Thomas Dixon's pearl of great price, *The Clansman*.

Sitting before *Letters to Lucerne*, an excessively sentimental and over-touching little number by the Messrs. Rotter and Vincent having to do with young girls of different nationalities in a Swiss finishing-school and their reactions to the war, the mental moseying periodically took on cross-country proportions. Among the abstractions were these samples:

1. Why is it that many actresses, who looked wholly unlike one another when young all look so much alike when they reach post-middle years?

2. I heard of a movie the other day that gave the studio a lot of

trouble in so editing a scene in which someone called a Russian character a son-of-a-bitch that the meaning should remain even if the phrase obviously could not. They might, I deliberated, readily have solved the problem with son-of-a-vitch.

3. In four decades of theatre-going, I have never seen a German or Austrian ingénue who, like Grete Mosheim in this exhibit, didn't make three or four screwy faces with every emotional or comedy line she spoke.

4. Why must people always worship their particular God in terms of hymns of funereal tempo? Why not, for a change, testify to the faith and ecstasy of the spirit with a lilting song that reflects and conveys the trust and hope of the worshiper? Charles Rann Kennedy et al. please note.

5. Brock Pemberton, the theatrical producer who can never forgive himself for having failed in his ambition to be a dramatic critic and who accordingly hates critics who have succeeded, lately had at them once again with his customary heat. They should, he protested, be kept out of all save the neo-classical plays so that the stinkers which they condemn might naturally prosper and the theatre be blessed with all kinds of

mazuma. Yet how many cheeses abandoned by the critics to overly generous second- and third-string reviewers and reporters have succeeded at the box-office? How many, if any, plays, whether good or bad, put on in the theatres out of the Broadway district and not reviewed by the critics have attracted audiences? In the whole record of American publishing during the last ten years, only one book that was not reviewed, whether for good or ill, by the book critics managed to achieve any real sales — and that, *Bet It's a Boy*, was a picture book. There are two sure ways to kill the theatre. One is for the critics to tout its trash and thus cheat and disgust audiences. The other is to write nothing whatsoever about it.

III

At the Messrs. Koch's and Huston's play about the late Woodrow Wilson and his fantastic dream of a League of Nations, the critical belfry was obediently devoid of bats, for here is a chronicle play unusually well contrived and notable for its avoidance of the common error of such drama in viewing its protagonist as a synthesis of all the biblical saints, great philosophers, masters of witty riposte, more re-

markable clairvoyants and William Faversham. There is no such molasses on this occasion. The authors have painted Woodrow with neither solely the rouge-stick nor the tar-brush, but have discriminatingly and honestly used the two in combination. And the portrait that emerges — the portrait of a brave dreamer battling vainly against an overdose of idealistic veronal — is doubtless one of the most thoroughly truthful ones in the biographical play gallery.

There has been some critical objection to the exhibit on the ground of its pervading air of chill. To expect and demand a warming play about Woodrow Wilson seems to me to be about as reasonable as to expect and demand a refrigerating one about Casanova or Hugh Johnson.

At Charles MacArthur's sorely dated, overforced and unfarcical farce about political peccadilloes down in Dixie — *Johnny on a Spot* — at least an hour and a half of the allotted theatrical two hours was privileged the roving fancy. Snuggled up in my seat, thus, in small part, capered the noodle:

1. Once on a time, farce consisted most often in turpentine and ridiculed comedy. Latterly, it most often consists in turpentine and ridiculed melodrama.

2. I observe some visible objection on the part of the audience to MacArthur's macabre idea of the corpse of the Governor of a Southern state being unwittingly elected to the Senate. That, the audience seems to be saying to itself, is not only in bad taste but something of an impossible stretcher. Why? Wasn't Cal Coolidge even elected to the Presidency?

3. What is all this nonsense we read of the current need for the drama of escape and, particularly, for plays of humor? Escape does not lie in the mere themes of plays, as so many of the critics seem to believe, but in the beauty with which themes, whatever they may be, are treated. Nor is laughter, as they also seem to believe, the chief and most satisfactory means of escape. The escape it provides is only momentary. Like booze, the next morning's hangover is worse than the cure. Laughter leaves one with a shamed feeling of guilt. Perhaps the only real drama of escape is great and overpowering tragedy, since it to some degree minimizes the tragic circumstances of the immediate life in which we have our existence.

4. MacArthur, in directing his farce, has, I chewed the cud, committed the old error of pacing it in the manner conventionally

described as "breathless." Nothing any longer so depresses an audience. One becomes as exhausted watching a company of actors puffing themselves to the point of collapse as one does, in one's extra-theatrical life, listening to an uninterrupted stream of impassioned talk, watching two jai-alai games in succession, or chasing an overly-active rabbit or an overly-inactive pretty girl.

5. It's a tough season, all right, with all these deadening plays, but anyway, old boy, there is at this moment of gloomy meditation at least one gleam on the near horizon, and that is the evening called *Life, Laughter and Tears* and made up of short plays by O'Casey and Saroyan. (There he goes again, good Lord, with those honeys of his!)

I have read the plays and if there has been a more richly hilarious one than O'Casey's *The End of the Beginning* seen hereabout in a long spell, or a more richly emotional one than Saroyan's *Hello Out There* or a more ingratiatingly gentle little one than even the Armenian's *Coming Through the Rye*, nobody sent me tickets to review it. And

incidentally, if the bill is to be changed at any time, that crazy Armenian has ready at least two other possibilities: one, called *Once Around the Block*, that is a madly funny lampoon of life, love and literature, and another called *Bang! Bang! You're Dead!* in the fruity vein of his *The Time of Your Life*. (He'll have to rewrite the ending, however, as it too closely parallels an episode in the latter play.)

And for good measure, he has concocted still a third called *As I Live and Breathe* — about a young man who, in a wrecked and tumbled world, philosophically concludes he may just as well, for all it will count in his future, spend his time trying to pitch his hat onto a girl's head — which, with a little careful expansion, since it presently would run for only about ten minutes, should similarly provide the stuff of smooth entertainment.

At a musical show called *The Lady Comes Across*, I didn't have any thoughts, since, save when the amusing Joe E. Lewis and a personable new singing and dancing trick named Evelyn Wyckoff were on the stage, I was sound asleep.



THE LIBRARY

Whitman, Brooks, Groucho Marx

BY MAX EASTMAN

ASIDE from her overheated first paragraph, beginning "I give you back Walt Whitman," which is saved from exploding only by a typographical error, Frances Winwar's *American Giant; Walt Whitman and His Times*¹ is a wise and judicious biography of the great poet. I suppose few will enjoy it with quite the delighted surprise I did. It happens that I spent most of my spare time for two juvenile years writing essays on Walt Whitman. I would say that that was how I learned to write, but I just looked the essays over and see that I didn't. Almost nothing was known of Whitman's life then — nothing whatever of his editorial writings — and although I read every biographical word available, I might almost as well have been writing about Isaiah. I remember taking my two essays to Richard Watson Gilder, then editing *Century*, and his receiving them from my hands very courteously. He glanced at

the title on the upper one, "The Morals of Leaves of Grass," and shot them both back to me with a quick jerk as though there was dirt on them.

"Oh, no, no!" he said. "This, you know, is a family magazine!"

I have never read a biography of Walt Whitman since those dark ages. So Miss Winwar's book is full of exciting news to me. On page after page facts turn up that I never dreamed of, vital and fascinating facts, about a person who was dearer to my heart than my own brother.

It is interesting to learn, for one thing, that Walt Whitman called himself a "radical." No demagogic epigones have sucked the honest force from that word yet. To give it a specific political meaning is the main task — or will be after the war is won — of those who are dissatisfied with civilization as it is. And its general meaning, I think, was indicated by Walt Whitman as well as a poetic mind could indicate

¹ *Harper's*, \$3.50.

it. He saw that democracy, radically conceived, includes "individualism, which isolates" as well as "adhesiveness, or love, that fuses, ties and aggregates." He also saw — and put it at the beginning of the same sentence — that democracy "alone can bind, and ever seeks to bind, all nations, all men, of however various and distant lands, into a brotherhood, a family."

Those are the main outlines of the real problem of which the present manic outbreak of total war is only a symptom: the problem of reconciling individual liberty with cooperative organization as modern production demands it. To me, Walt Whitman towers higher every year as the great American idealist.

I wish Frances Winwar would give some studious attention to the technique of style. Strangely enough, her prose has the same defects that Walt Whitman's early writings had, even to the crude pulpiterish attempts to simulate emotional language by twisting the words out of their natural order.

Cold must be the pulse, and throbless to all good thoughts — no true American's will it be — which cannot respond to the valorous emprise of our soldiers and commanders in Mexico.

That is Whitman under thirty at his top flight. And his biographer tries in similarly awkward ways to

sound excited. "False indeed would Walt Whitman have been to himself and to his public, had he not indulged in a ramblelogue or two. . . ." These attempts to convert dull talk into literature by turning it back-end foremost are generally weeded out in high school. A good way to weed them out, together with most other amateurisms, would be to take Walt Whitman's prose and poetry before and after love awakened him to language as contrasting examples of perfectly execrable and (at its best) superlative writing. The change wrought in St. Paul on the road to Damascus was a make-up trick compared to what happened to Walt Whitman on the trip to New Orleans. Miss Winwar makes that clear; but one would like to feel that she sensed its effects more delicately.

On the larger issues, however, she is both shrewd and sympathetic. Her decision that when he wrote the much-debated "Calamus poems" Whitman did not know there was such a thing as homosexuality — that he could not have written or published them if he had — is for me true and final. Some will find it hard, in these times, to believe. It is not hard for me because I myself was not possessed of this knowledge when writing my essays on Walt

Whitman, nor for several years after. To be sure, I was a minister's son and not highly sophisticated, but I was far indeed from the prudish and naïve temperance reformer that Walt Whitman was at the same age. And American culture itself was fifty years closer to its reticent beginnings in his time than mine.

Like some other great artists, Whitman was strongly homosexual in his native make-up. Hence his bland youth and delayed adolescence. He did not approach love by way of prurience and furtive lust, as most boys do. That is one reason for his volcanic awakening from banal prose into vivid poetry, when finally he was moved to passionate love.

II

The step from Walt Whitman's home in the universe to Van Wyck Brooks' narrow and hot little attack on contemporary writing in *Opinions of Oliver Allston*² is a long one, down and indoors. This book, or rather the two chapters in it on "Primary Literature" and "Coterie Literature," are causing as much excitement among the intelligentsia as Archibald MacLeish's confession of triviality and irrel-

evance in which he involved so many of his colleagues about a year ago. Hooked together somewhat recklessly as the "Brooks-MacLeish thesis," these two manifestoes are being roundly denounced by the devotees of the Cult of Unintelligibility, the poets who talk to themselves. Perhaps a new age is dawning, in which a warmer and more friendly kind of poetry, and one which cares more about being intelligent than about registering intellect, will enjoy the limelight. Poetry itself must hope so, for then it will begin to be read again as well as talked about.

As the herald of such an age, Brooks' book has the merit of indulging in some genuinely eloquent excoriations. He cries:

I feel a blind rage on behalf of younger sensitive minds, who have had no other pabulum than these one-eyed writers, sickly adolescents, self-centered and neurotic, inexperienced persons, divorced from the soil, divorced from their country, often, and from parenthood and love, ignorant of the general life, with no horizon beyond their noses or the spiritual slums in which they live. They are besotted egoists, one and all, stewing in their vanity, throwing dust in the eyes of their readers, mystagogues and swindlers.

For some unknown reason, Brooks puts these enjoyable insults, together with much else that is not half so interesting, into the diary of an imaginary deceased

² Dutton. \$3.00.

friend named Oliver Allston. His book takes the form of a sort of intellectual biography of this highly literary gentleman, who apparently had no excitements not derived from ink and paper. You keep jumping back and forth from what Brooks thinks in large type to what Allston thinks in small. And since Allston differs from Brooks neither in style, character nor profession, and their opinions are the same, there seems to be no sense in the device except as an excuse for not really organizing a book. As creative art, it is an example of the very thing Brooks is excoriating, a piece of self-amusing monkey-business merely, and one dragged out and elaborated until it acquires the ghastly flavor of hard labor performed to no end — probably the one entirely inexcusable form of literature.

However, that is not the chief defect of this book. Its chief defect is that its sane outcry against “coterie literature” — an astute phrase of whose real meanings Brooks makes little use — is wound up and identified with a moralistic, or rather valetudinarian, dogmatism, a laying down the law as to what “great” literature has to be, which is unbearable to the creative spirit.

Brooks has no sense of humor,

and must have, it seems, no sense of song — no sense of death, or sorrow, or playful abandon, or emotional adventure, or skeptical integrity, or the nobility of open war declared on hope. He is, it seems, mortally afraid of all such things. He is afraid of life, and therefore of the scope of literature. He wants it all to be hospital fare — all “regenerative,” all to express “the states of mind by which the race has risen.” Above all, he is afraid of verified truth. He is afraid of science.

The late-lamented “New Humanism” was an effort of critics and English teachers to resist the advance of scientific method into spheres formerly occupied by “literary truth.” In large part, Brooks’ “material for a literary revolution,” as the publishers describe the contents of this book, is a revival of the same reactionary and futile movement of the mind. Brooks not only wants all literature to be in the nature of a boost, but he wants this boost to be entirely independent of, and superior to, the unalterable element in the real facts — which is what science is concerned with. This is decadence of a worse kind than the flight into unintelligibility.

Perhaps I ought to gloss these remarks by confessing that I have

grounds for prejudice against Van Wyck Brooks. He says in the course of his excoriations that I wrote *The Literary Mind* apparently "for the sole purpose" of expressing "the scorn that writers felt for their own trade."

Since my book is at least an honest effort to adjudicate the relations between literature and the sciences which are encroaching on its domain — most certainly a genuine problem — I do not consider this a grown-up remark. I think it is a part of the infantile fright with which Van Wyck Brooks is trying to protect himself against the sterner aspects of reality. For that reason I do not *feel* prejudiced, but the reader is entitled to decide that I am.

Brooks concludes his book with an expression of liking for "tough minds" and "tender hearts." But his elaborate defense-work, both against scientific fact and literary adventure, seems to me to be tender-mindedness, if not soft-headedness, erected into a gospel. And the bigotry with which he damns all writers who do not subscribe to this gospel suggests the tough-heartedness of a Calvin of criticism.

Anthologies of humor, like comic papers and long sessions of story-

swapping, are somewhat painful to the humorous instinct. The least painful one I have seen is the *Sub-Treasury of American Humor*³ compiled by E. B. and Katharine S. White. Perhaps this is because the authors haven't tried to make it too conscientiously humorous. There is a lot of sober reading here in which the humor floats in spontaneously like a spring wind through a window, or an uninvited muddy dog through the door, stirring the air genially and making you really feel good. I notice that E. B. White has had the modesty to include three of his own poorest writings and I wish he had been in a more egotistical frame of mind. Aside from that, the selections are admirable and they are also erudite. They suggest a more thorough combing of the field than one could demand of a humorist who had not had the forethought to provide himself with a gifted wife.

There is no escaping the fact that pure humor, in order to explode violently in the diaphragm, has to be contemporary. After browsing awhile in the historical parts of the White *Sub-Treasury*, smiling appreciatively and applauding the discrimination of the Sub-Treasurers, I picked up Groucho Marx's *Many Happy Re-*

³ Coward-McCann. \$3.00.

turns, *An Unofficial Guide to Your Income Tax Problems*,⁴ and before finishing three pages fell out of bed in a fit of hysterical laughter. I don't suppose it will ever find its way into an anthology, but it is full of up-to-the-minute explosions. It should be read aloud and read rapidly. The point at which I fell out of bed is this:

At your salary, you use a tax schedule known as Form 1040. Now, you are allowed fifteen hundred for your wife. This is obviously a ridiculously high appraisal because, by adding \$60, you could have got yourself a Chevrolet convertible which has a definite resale value."



FICTION

LONELY PARADE, by Fannie Hurst. \$2.50. *Harper*. Miss Hurst's story begins at the turn of the century and carries three lonely but emancipated women through the next thirty years in New York. Despite varied interests and friends, these three strangely assorted females—a rich social worker and two who live by their wits—realize that they have missed the best things that life has to offer, in this case a husband and children. Richly and entertainingly written, though it is a theme the author has used frequently.

SEVEN TEMPEST, by Vaughan Wilkins. \$2.75. *Macmillan*. A lusty historical romance

which takes place in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. Those who enjoyed the author's "And So—Victoria" are sure to find this novel equally pleasing to the palate.

PIED PIPER, by Nevil Shute. \$2.50. *Morrow*. A seventy-year-old English gentleman enjoying a vacation in France finds himself caught in the débâcle. He starts for England with two English children, whose parents are working in Switzerland, and before he manages to get them homesafely, he picks up three other unfortunate children. Their trials and tribulations amid the disorganization which was France in those days makes exciting and sympathetic reading and once more demonstrates the courage and the see-it-through spirit of the English. A masterful, gripping story.

WELCOME TO THE CITY, by Irwin Shaw. \$2.00. *Random House*. Once more Mr. Shaw shows his sympathy for the little man and woman in this collection of short stories. Without great drama or excitement, he takes minor incidents in minor lives and makes them unforgettable. Warmly, precisely and discriminatingly written.

SEVEN FOR CORDELIA, by Catherine Macdonald Maclean. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Sketches of seven children evacuated from the slums of Edinburgh and Glasgow to a farm in the Highlands where they are cared for by Cordelia Kinross, the Mistress of Tharrus. Written with vigor, honesty and a love of nature and children.

NO MATCH FOR MURDER, by Jean Francis Webb. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. Fast moving story of murder on the polo field. Ted Perry, ex-reporter, didn't care whodunit until suspicion pointed to Lacy Burnell, whom he loved.

NON-FICTION

BLACK LAMB AND GREY FALCON, by Rebecca West. Two volumes. \$7.50. *Viking*. Already hailed as the outstanding non-fiction work of 1941, to mention only one of its

⁴ *Simon and Schuster*. \$1.00

numerous accolades, Miss West's *tour de force* probably needs no further critical illumination. However, now that Pearl Harbor has sharpened American perspective and some citizens are seeing the world as a globe for the first time, it may be added that puzzled minds seeking to make sense out of universal confusion will find the ingredients thereof in these two brilliant volumes. Geography, people, politics and history are blended in an indirect examination of the human struggle toward self-government. The writing is uniformly superb. There are numerous photographic illustrations and an index at the end of the second volume.

A GUIDE TO RECORDED MUSIC, by Irving Kolodin. \$3.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. Of the several guides extant for collectors of music on discs, this handbook appears to combine the best virtues of the others along with some special ones of its own. It is by far the most handy, from a typographical standpoint. Its criticisms are generally sound, never dogmatic, and written with the gentle wit peculiar to the New York *Sun's* music critic. The encyclopedia does not cover jazz, but an adequate treatment of that field would require another book. The five thousand recordings it *does* cover represent musical literature more than adequately.

KING NEWS, by M. Koenigsberg. \$3.50. *Stokes*. One of the country's veteran newsmen here relates the extraordinary incidents which have made up his life. As organizer and manager of many Hearst services, he saw from the inside the half-mad world of the '20's and, as a result of his far-ranging efforts, he profoundly influenced the journalism of his own time and of today. At the close of his book is printed "A Newspaperman's Seven Commandments," which the author proposes as a code for the profession. Editors, particularly, would do well to read it.

MR. CHURCHILL, by Philip Guedalla. \$3.00. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. Though this book has all the marks of a hurried job, written

chiefly for the man who reads as he runs, it is nevertheless the best biography of the British Prime Minister in print. Occasionally it rises to real stature, especially in the sections dealing with Mr. Churchill's hard, cold and lonely twenty years preceding the present war. Mr. Guedalla effectively works in quotations from the Prime Minister's speeches before and after his assumption of office at 10 Downing Street. There are many good reproductions of photographs and a fair index.

RAINER MARIA RILKE, by E. M. Butler. \$4.50. *Macmillan*. The first full-length biography of the least popular yet perhaps greatest of modern German poets, by the Henry Simon Professor of Germanic Language and Literature in the University of Manchester. As criticism, the book leaves something to be desired, since it is not clear that Mrs. Butler fully understands Rilke's work, but she is a conscientious biographer and her study is easily the most thorough in this special field to date.

RADIO GOES TO WAR, by Charles J. Rolo. \$2.75. *Putnam*. Here at last is a fully documented and interestingly written history of radio as "the fourth front" of war. Mr. Rolo was one of the original staff members of the Princeton Listening Post and he obviously knows radio warfare intimately, its tactics, personalities, successes and failures. There is an introduction by Johannes Steel, which, alas, says nothing.

A TREASURY OF BIOGRAPHY, edited by Edgar Johnson. \$3.75. *Howell, Soskin*. An anthology, in digest form, of the autobiographies and classic biographies of Wolsey, Thomas More, Hakluyt, John Donne, Bunyan, John North, Gibbon, Samuel Johnson, Boswell, Benjamin Franklin, Trelawny, Scott, Thoreau, Dickens, John Stuart Mill, John Ruskin, Henry Adams, Gosse, Strachey, and Steffens. Each digest is prefaced by a brief biographical note of the subject. A good piece of editing.

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

White-Footed Mice

THESE are the first words written for this corner of the *MERCURY* since the country became officially a participant in war. There is temptation, naturally enough, to put aside for this occasion the pre-occupation with birds and beasts and trees, and to join in the general outcry of martial sentiment. But it is a temptation, I believe, better resisted. If a naturalist has any useful role at all, in times like these, I take it to be the role of providing in his work two things: first, a certain distraction and refreshment as counter-measure to the blare of frightfulness which pours upon the reader in ample measure, God knows, from myriad other sources of print and speech; and second, and more importantly, a reminder of those deep and constant biological currents — those persisting rhythms and rituals of primordial earth — which survive even such planetary catastrophes as this war, and which it is important, if any kind of lasting peace is ever to be built, that we cherish as a foundational remembrance.

Man has always seen dimly — and explicitly since the burst of light accomplished by Charles Darwin — that he is himself an animal, an earth-creature (whatever additionally the theologians and philosophers may surmise him to be) and he has known that in the promptings of the primordial instincts and protoplasmic conscience that pervade all earth life there are discernible precepts for the welfare of his own body and his wayward spirit, no less than for the bodies and spirits of the more rudimentary-cortexed animals which perforce follow unelectively this ancient guidance that Burroughs was moved to call the cosmic wisdom. There is a deeply needed information for us, both physical and spiritual, in the life patterns of the natural creatures with which we fellowly inhabit the earth; there is a lore we need, for our practical success, and an “animal faith” for our hearts’ assuagement. There resides significance for us, and a wisdom we shall imperatively need when this war is done, in these

beasts that are flesh of our flesh, trees that are blood of our blood, rocks that are bone of our bone.

It is not wholly an idleness to stop for a moment scanning the headlines or the radio dial, listening to the iron rhythms of tank and assembly line, and to scan briefly the sky and the sod. It is not entirely a frivolity to contemplate a white-footed mouse. I think, indeed, a naturalist need not be overly infatuated with the importance of his trade to believe that the aiding of such occasional thoughtful respites from the bloody business of the moment is, in the long run, the most serviceable contribution he can make.

It is most often in April — when the dark leaf mold of the forest floor is oozy with thaw and is exhaling a smell of wet, dead leaves and roots and drenched spring mosses — that the white-footed mouse begins its small woods-haunting life adventure. The place of the birth may be a cavity in a dead tree, the abandoned home of a woodpecker, or it may be a hollowed-out “form” among the withered weeds and grasses, or even a subterranean chamber dug in some earlier season by a mole or a wintering chipmunk. Most frequently of all, it is a hollow in a

fallen log. Here in this dark, sequestered cranny, smelling of damp, rotting wood and rain-wet lichens, the four or five or six infant mice lie curled together on a bedding of dry grass. Tiny as acorns, blind, pink and helpless, they nestle together in the sheltering darkness, dozing and wriggling and uttering their infinitesimal squeaks, raising their blunt-nosed little heads in an obscure ecstasy of anticipation, when their mother comes pattering to the den to spread her warm furry belly over them and offer her mouse-milky nipples. They are singularly tiny infants, singularly helpless, and the spring woods are a place of many hungry predators. It is needful that a mother white-foot be solicitous and watchful.

She does not much resemble a gray house mouse, this adult white-foot, but has rather the look that the white-foot's other name, deer mouse, would imply. A golden tawny brown is the color of her back and flanks and shoulders and the upper surface of her tail; underneath, on belly and chin and paws and the tail's underside, she is snowily white. Her fur is immaculate from constant preenings and washings. As concernedly as a kitten, when she is not feeding her young ones or scuttling through the forest to look for seeds and

berries, she sits on a log and exhaustively grooms her white, furry haunch, her fulvous little haunches. Her ears, like the russet ears of a tiny deer, but so delicate that their veinings show like the veinings of little autumn leaves when the sun touches them, are forever being scrupulously attended; gravely and absorbedly she is accustomed to suck and nibble at her small white forepaws; her whole little mouse body, no bigger than a milkweed pod, is habitually kept spotless. To clean herself and to go scampering in the darkness in search of weed seeds and to suckle her pink little litter of helpless young: these are her preoccupations. These, and the keeping of the babies from harm. On the wind she may catch, sometimes, a scent of close-by weasel or mink or marten; she may hear too often and too close for safety the quavering of an owl. When this happens, she has the valiance and instinctive cunning of all wild motherhood, and patters into her den and takes her infants, one by one, by the napes of their tiny necks, and carries them cautiously through the underbrush to a new hiding place. When the danger has passed, she brings them back and again they lie safely together in their warm, secure infant universe, odorous of rain-damp wood and

lichens and the odd little musky pungence that is the smell of mice.

II

The young white-foot grows quickly. Over his wrinkled pink infant skin there grows a soft coat of fur; his opened eyes are black and bright as little berries; he has come to possess a minuscule set of soft and sensitive whiskers. He plays now with his fellows, in the way of all wild animals, even such tiny ones. There are cuffings and nippings and tumblings and squeakings in the hollow log. He is almost ready to enter into adult mousehood. Only two things continue to show his immaturity. One is the color of his fur, which is a slaty bluish instead of the white-and-tawny which it will presently become. The other is his devotion to his mother's teat. The young white-foot has sharp incisors now, equipped for gnawing hickory shells and cracking seeds, but he is reluctant to be weaned. With his brothers and sisters he clings to his mother's dugs and often his first venture into the outer world is when he is dragged there, clinging. The persistent suckling of white-footed mice is an old racial habit, so established a part of their life pattern that the young ones' teeth

are oddly spaced in order that the mother's nipples may not be torn when her babies have grown to their near adulthood.

When at last the young white-foot leaves the hollow log for good, it is very likely because a new generation of infant mice has been born. Vastly fecund, as are all mice, his mother ousts him then, nipping and cuffing to discourage him from attempts to suckle, giving him no welcome when he returns from forage trips to the hollow log nest which contains new pink, squirming infants. The young white-foot is now to go his way alone. It is a very vast woods-universe into which he sets forth and he a very tiny wayfarer; but he goes equipped with a full share of those instinctive lores and inner unreasoned knowledges which are the guardianship of all wild lives. He knows what he must know.

Adult now, alone in the forest, it is his way to sleep by daylight in the shelter of a hummock of grass or the lee of a boulder, and to venture forth only at night for small, scampering explorations. With the passing of days and weeks, he learns the location of the hickory trees, the pines and hemlocks, the weed clumps, the little water-courses and places where the rain collects. His foraging comes to fol-

low a pattern, and to cover a particular territory for which, in time, he feels a dim proprietorship. Sometimes, in the night, he is aware of the pattering tread of other mice and it is his way to signal to them (as a greater beast might bellow) by uttering a tiny, trilling song, and to exchange mouse messages with them by drumming and thrumming upon the earth with his tiny paws. Males must leave his territory, where he feels their presence a trespass, or do battle; with a female, on some warm midsummer night, he meets and rubs whiskers and presently copulates. He has become, then, head of a mouse clan of his own.

As summer passes into autumn, male and female white-foot pursue their pattern of sleeping by day, food hunting by night, keeping watch for weasel and fox and mink and owl, gathering slowly the surplus store of seeds and berries which will be their reserve against the time of bitter cold and snow; and as the weather sharpens they labor at preparation of their winter home. This is the symbol of the white-foot's final establishment of independent adulthood. Sometimes it is a hollow in a log, like his own birthplace, sometimes a chink in an old stone fence. Most often it is an abandoned bird's nest — a nest of

thrush or vireo, perhaps — and the mice roof it with soft fibers of cedar bark, line it with withered leaves, make it weathertight with bits of moss and grasses.

They do not hibernate when the bitter winter comes. By night, under the frosty moon, they still scamper abroad, tunneling the snowdrifts, nibbling at frozen sumach, playing at games of small

and whimsical mouse-tag. By day, under the leaden skies, they can lie warm in their remodeled bird's nest, dozing and close-pressed together.

When the far spring shall come again, and the forest give off its exhalation of rain-wet earth and leaf mold and drenched moss, they will have pink squirming young ones of their own to tend.



Evolution

THE OPEN FORUM

ABOUT AMERICA FIRST

(John Roy Carlson's article, "Inside The America First Movement," in the January *MERCURY* aroused exceptional interest, moved newspapers to editorial comment and elicited many letters of praise and condemnation, a few of which we quote. There were two minor errors in the article. One was typographical: the number of a patent for a police club, taken out by James True, should be 2026077, not 2026777, as it was given. The other was a mistaken reference to the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, an error which Mr. Carlson explains in the following letter. — THE EDITORS.)

SIR: I was in error in charging that the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith was a speaker for the America First Committee. The Reverend Smith heads the "Committee of 1,000,000." In all likelihood, references to his Committee in my research work were interpreted as references to the America First Committee.

Nevertheless, on March 2, 1941, Senator Gerald P. Nye spoke for the "Committee of 1,000,000" at the Masonic Auditorium, Detroit, and Nye was a ranking spokesman for the America First Committee. This meeting and the Reverend Smith were praised highly by the *Nationalist Newsletter*, organ of the National Workers' League, an organization whose membership numbered former members of the notorious Black Legion, the Bund and the Ku Klux Klan. Further, Congressman Stephen A. Day, another ranking America First Committee spokesman, addressed the "Committee of 1,000,000" at the Class Technical High School in Detroit on Sept. 4, 1941. Mr. Day's book, *We Must Save The Republic*, was published by Flanders Hall. The record shows that, although the Reverend Smith had no official ties with the America First Committee, he made prominent use of America First spokesmen.

As for the Reverend Smith himself, he is former associate of Huey Long. He has been an integral part of the America First movement since July, 1933. A letter written by H. E. Martin, Executive Director of *Pelley Weekly* and dated August 5, 1936, states that the Rev. Smith was a member of the Silver Shirts of America. His registration number was 3223 and his wife's number was 3220.

JOHN ROY CARLSON
New York City.

SIR: Both Mr. Bates and I read the article in your January magazine, "Inside The America First Movement," and think it the most smearing, scurrilous, anti-Christian article ever written, and protest against it very much. What the idea is of writing such lies is beyond the thinking of loyal Americans. Now, when we need unity more than ever, your magazine comes out with an article that can do more harm and make for disunion than anything that has been written since we got into the war.

Both Mr. Bates and I were America Firsters and darn glad and happy to have been able to belong to such an American organization. We didn't want our sons to be sent to foreign soil to fight, knowing our unpreparedness, etc. Certainly all this has been proven in the Philippines.

Now that we are in the war, I defy you and your rotten writer, Mr. Carlson, to prove how un-American we American Firsters are. Investigate, is our challenge to you and yours. Every one of us has sisters, sons, husbands, sweethearts in the army, navy or marines. Giving them with all our hearts to defend our America. We women are doing our bit and doing it as only American women know how to do their share in war times. The mere fact that the America First Committee disbanded

the very next day after war was declared refutes the very thing Mr. Carlson says. I think an apology from your magazine is needed as the article written by Mr. Carlson is certainly a very unpatriotic and *un-Christian* one.

MRS. CHESTER E. BATES

*Plandome, Long Island,
New York.*

SIR: This is just a line to say what a swell job I think you're doing with the *MERCURY*, especially the article on the America First outfit. More power to your elbow!

LOUIS BROMFIELD

*Lucas,
Ohio.*

SIR: That was an extraordinary fine and factual article on the America First movement by John Roy Carlson. I have been intimately connected with organizations fighting America First and know that the fight is by no means over despite the present apparent love-feast.

Nazis are born, not made. I have no doubt the honest and self-deceived people who belonged to America First have quit and are all right, but the majority are still exactly where they were.

STRUTHERS BURT

*Southern Pines,
North Carolina.*

NOTE ON CLAMOR BOYS

SIR: "Hollywood's Clamor Boys" wasn't the sort of thing most of us here have come to expect of the *MERCURY*. Badly written, inaccurate, undocumented and sleazily put together, the piece was knocked out by a poor lad who had his feet on the ground not once during his short, ill-fated and confused hitch as a unit man.

Of course, exaggeration helps put over a yarn, as we who lie for a living know best of all, but any good showman (or editor, for that matter) will tell you you can't burlesque a burlesque. "Hollywood's Clamor Boys"

(swell title) tried to do that. The author of your article is vinegared on the town, which is his due and luxury, a luxury in which most of us indulge most of the time. And because he got the heave-ho, he's sore as only writers who aren't appreciated can get sore. He feels better now, no doubt.

The thing about his yarn that needles those of us who've read it is that if enough pieces such as this, written in high rash, get out about our racket, no one will believe the real story which, if more truthful, is far funnier.

ANOTHER UNIT MAN

*Burbank,
California.*

PURIFYING STALIN

SIR: I want to thank you for your admirable article in the current issue of the *AMERICAN MERCURY* on "The Purification of Stalin." Therein you have expressed ably and frankly the point of view which I and many other citizens of the United States have entertained for some months. As a matter of common sense and expediency, we accept and welcome the aid which Russia is now rendering the cause of freedom, but we need not condone, much less whitewash, the things for which Bloody Joe has stood since he came into power. He is the same man now that he has always been, and no amount of sophistry and soft-soap can change that. All that Stalin stands for is the negation of what we believe in the United States. There has been no change of heart on Joe's part, nor will be.

Your realistic attitude, based upon intimate knowledge, is most refreshing and I hope it will have a salutary effect upon American public opinion. The writers who, for one reason or another, are trying to make us think that Russia is now fighting in defense of an ideal, and who seek to excuse the awful atrocities and general misdeeds of the present Russian regime, are doing us a disservice, for which they deserve condemnation.

JOHN THOMAS LEE

*Chicago,
Illinois.*

SEX IN THE ARMY

SIR: The article by Irwin Ross ("Sex In The Army") is certainly well meant, well written, but factually not quite correct, and in its viewpoint not very mature.

Mr. Ross explains that the Army tries to suppress prostitution, "assuming" that soldiers would then "simply abstain." Doctors Parran and Vonderlehr, of the U. S. Public Health Service, however, blame the Army for not suppressing prostitution with all the power at their command, and editorials in various papers have pointed to this criticism of the Army by such prominent authorities

This is one point of confusion, but it appears to me not as an issue between the Army on one side, and Doctors Parran and Vonderlehr on the other, but I see the issue rather, between the emotional approach to the problem as opposed to the strictly scientific one. The former is an "Anti-Vice" crusade and the latter an "Anti-Infection" campaign. Both attitudes, the emotional as well as the scientific, are represented among Army men as well as among public health administrators.

It strikes me as a forceful truth that the mere attempt to suppress prostitution around Army camps, as part of the fight against venereal diseases, leaves a very important aspect of the question out of consideration. Supposing that the Army should succeed in suppressing professional prostitution, as Congressman May wants it, what are the soldiers likely to do? Repress their sex instincts, live abstemious and "pure" (as it is "assumed")? I do not think that any reasonable person, and certainly not Doctors Parran and Vonderlehr, can believe that people can be made "good," or human instincts be abolished by force of laws. Therefore, substitutes will be resorted to.

These substitutes can be dangerous to the individual and dangerous to society. I do not wish to discuss here whether sexual abstinence is harmful or harmless to the individual, because the definition of abstinence would have to be given first. Is a man who relieves his sexual tension by more or less frequent auto-eroticism abstemious, or not? Mr. Ross

does not say. He does mention — most commendably — the fact that homosexual practices are encouraged through enforced abstinence, and yet he endorses the measures of suppression advocated by the American Social Hygiene Association.

Prostitution can never be completely suppressed. That is generally admitted. But even with a partially successful repressive policy, society runs certain dangers which concern not only more frequent venereal diseases among the so-called "good girls," but also more frequent abortions, seduction, attacks on children and sex crimes in general. Anyone doubting these statements should ask the authorities in Butte, Montana, what happened in this town when the red light district was temporarily closed during a reform wave. Mr. Ross calls these facts, established by experience, merely a "quaint notion," but he has no other argument to disprove them. . . .

The inexperienced amateur, the clandestine prostitute, is the greater danger, not the professional prostitute, especially if the latter is under supervision and has acquired knowledge of prevention. While, therefore, suppression of professional prostitution may greatly satisfy a puritanical mind, it will not answer the purpose for which it is undertaken.

There is, to my mind, only one effective method to prevent venereal disease, and that is the teaching of prophylaxis. Everything else is useless and dangerous. Teach every soldier the best methods of prevention, supply him free of charge with the necessary means for such prevention, and real progress will be made.

Venereal disease is too important a problem in these critical times to be approached by emotional reactions of the "Anti-Vice" variety. The only justified approach is a strictly scientific one: Anti-Disease. Much progress has been made along this line, not the least thanks to Dr. Parran's medical efforts. It would be tragic if we would replace an attitude of detached logic by one of moralizing, and wishful thinking, or by ineffective measures of persecution.

HARRY BENJAMIN, M.D.

New York City.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

"NEMESIS" is the title bestowed upon Dr. JOSEPH STRASSER by a recent biography of him. He has indeed been cast by fate in the role of Hitler's Nemesis. He has been hunted relentlessly by Gestapo agents since his escape from Germany. As head of the underground "Black Front," he is the one German most hated by Hitler. He now lives in Canada.

Traveling correspondents appear in this issue of *THE MERCURY*. WILLIAM BAYLES, who has covered Europe for more than a decade, is now in London. Currently in the same capital is L. SOLON, recently arrived from Lisbon from the Continent.

MICHIGAN is represented by two writers in this issue. Karl Detzer is the free-lancer whose *Friday Evening Post* stories made the Michigan State Police famous. James S. Pooler, a *Fort Worth Free Press* writer, has written for *THE MERCURY* and appeared in the O'Brien anthology.

ROY CARLSON has studied the native imported fascist organizations in America for many years — the last three of them as an investigator. Posing as a fanatic "believer," he joined eleven pro-Nazi organizations and several took a supposedly active part.

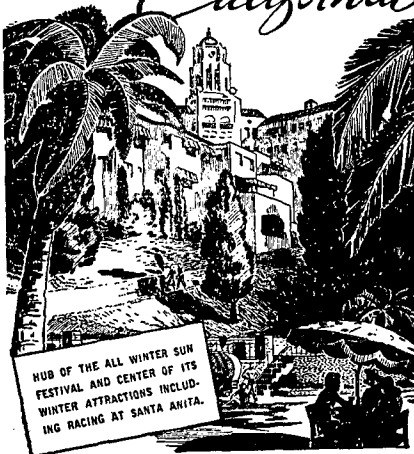
WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN, for twelve years the *Christian Science Monitor* correspondent in Russia, is recognized as an outstanding authority on the Soviet system and its personalities.

BEL CURRIER is a former newspaperwoman whose first novel, *The Young and the Immoral*, was recently published by Knopf.

OWEN R. EMBREE has been president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund since 1928. He is the author of *Brown America*.

JOHN E. LAWES, the celebrated ex-warden of Sing Sing Prison, has probably dealt with more murderers than any living man.

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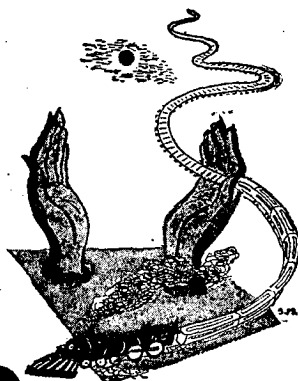
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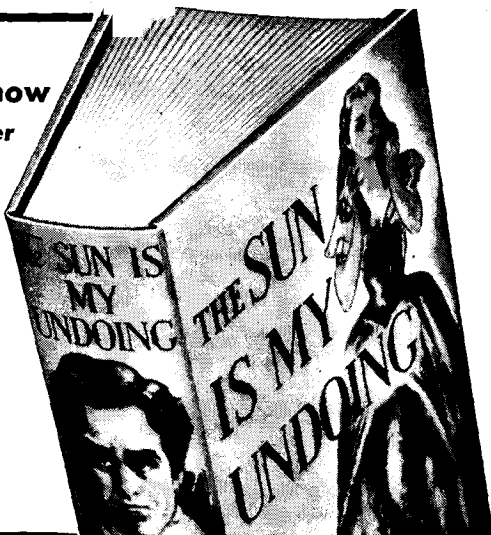
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